

No. 2

MARCH

WAAFFY DAWF

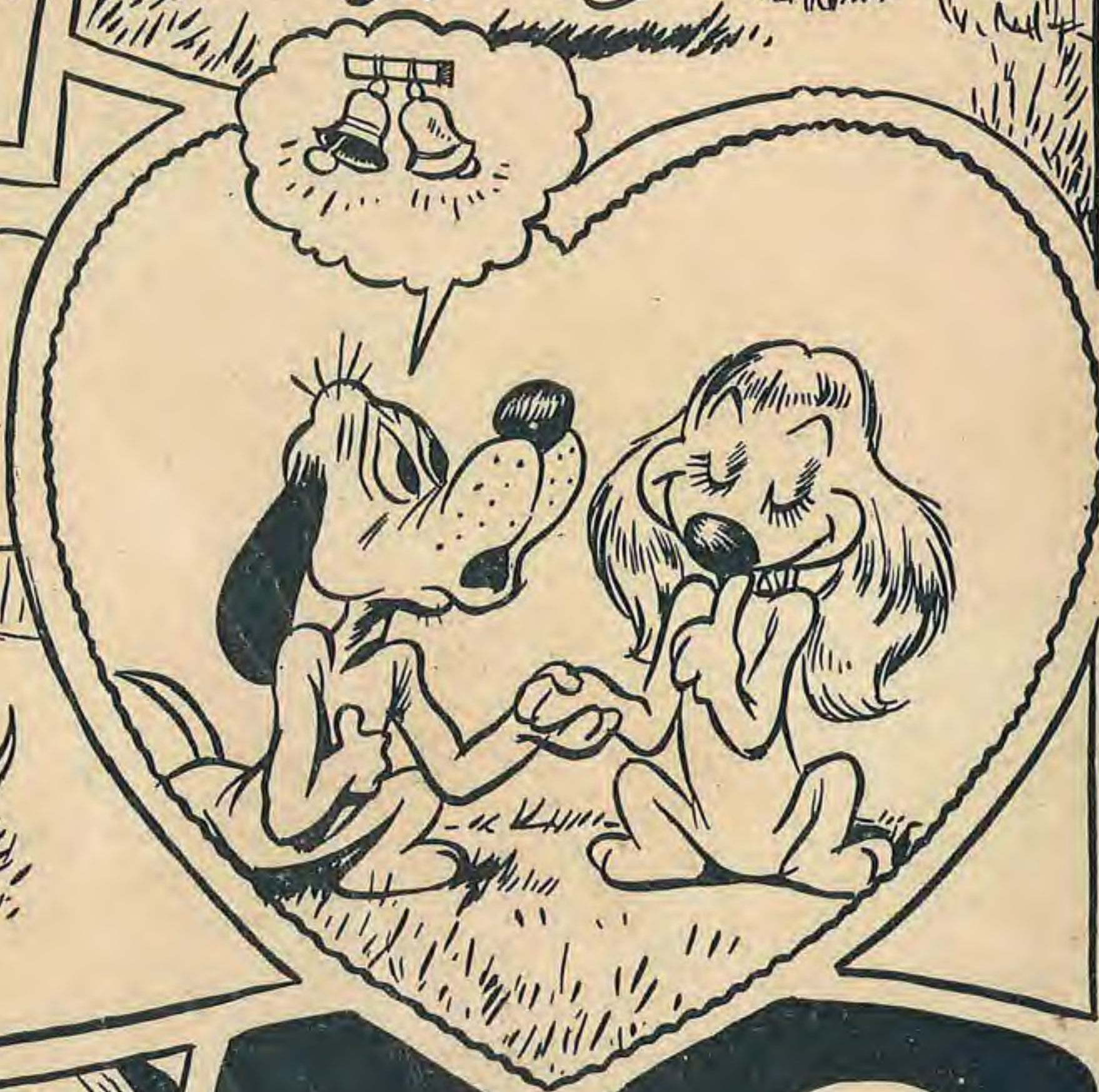
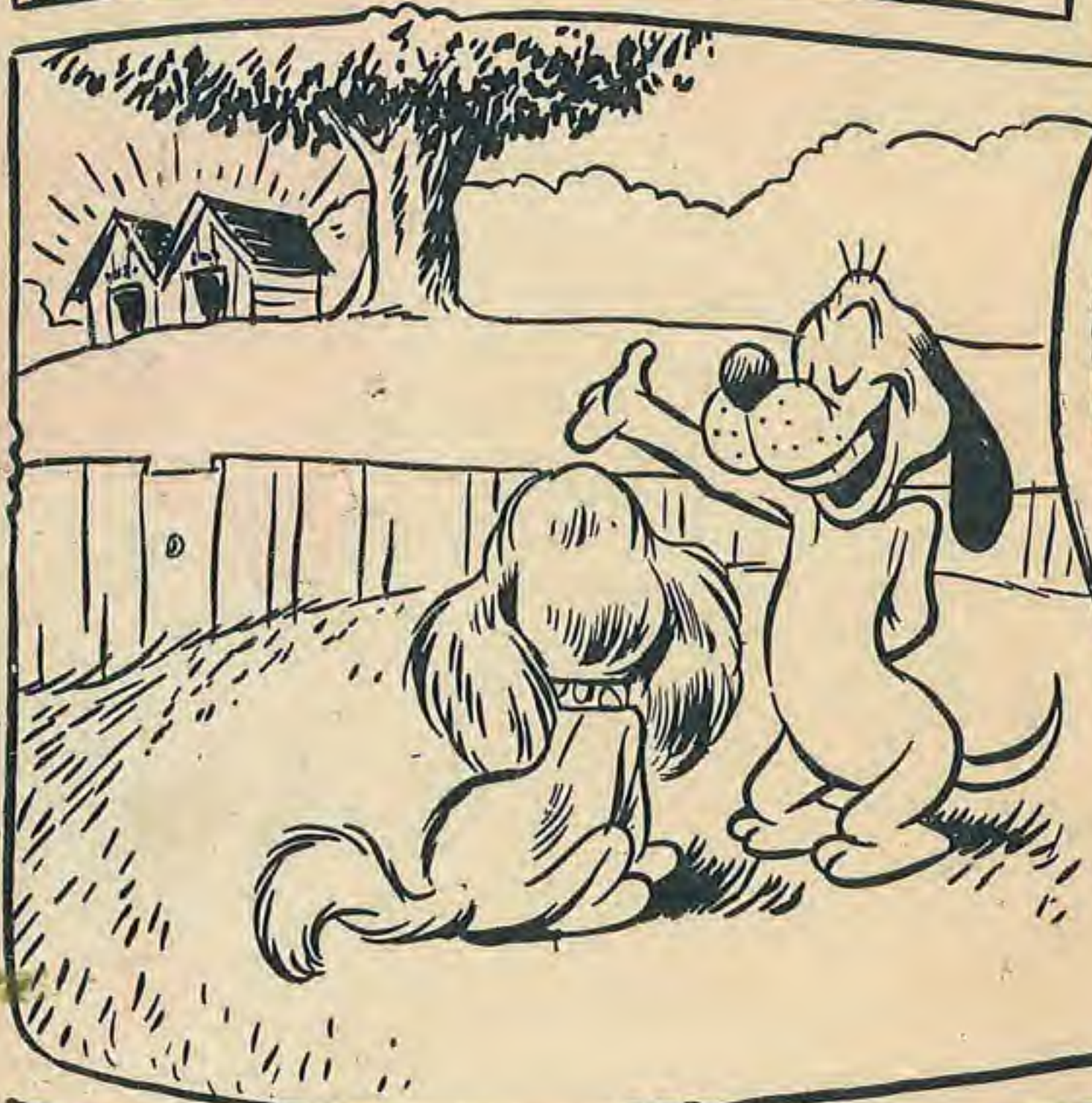
COMICS

10¢



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

DROOPY.



BUM BILL BEE

SO!

DAILY BLAT

AL
HUBBARD

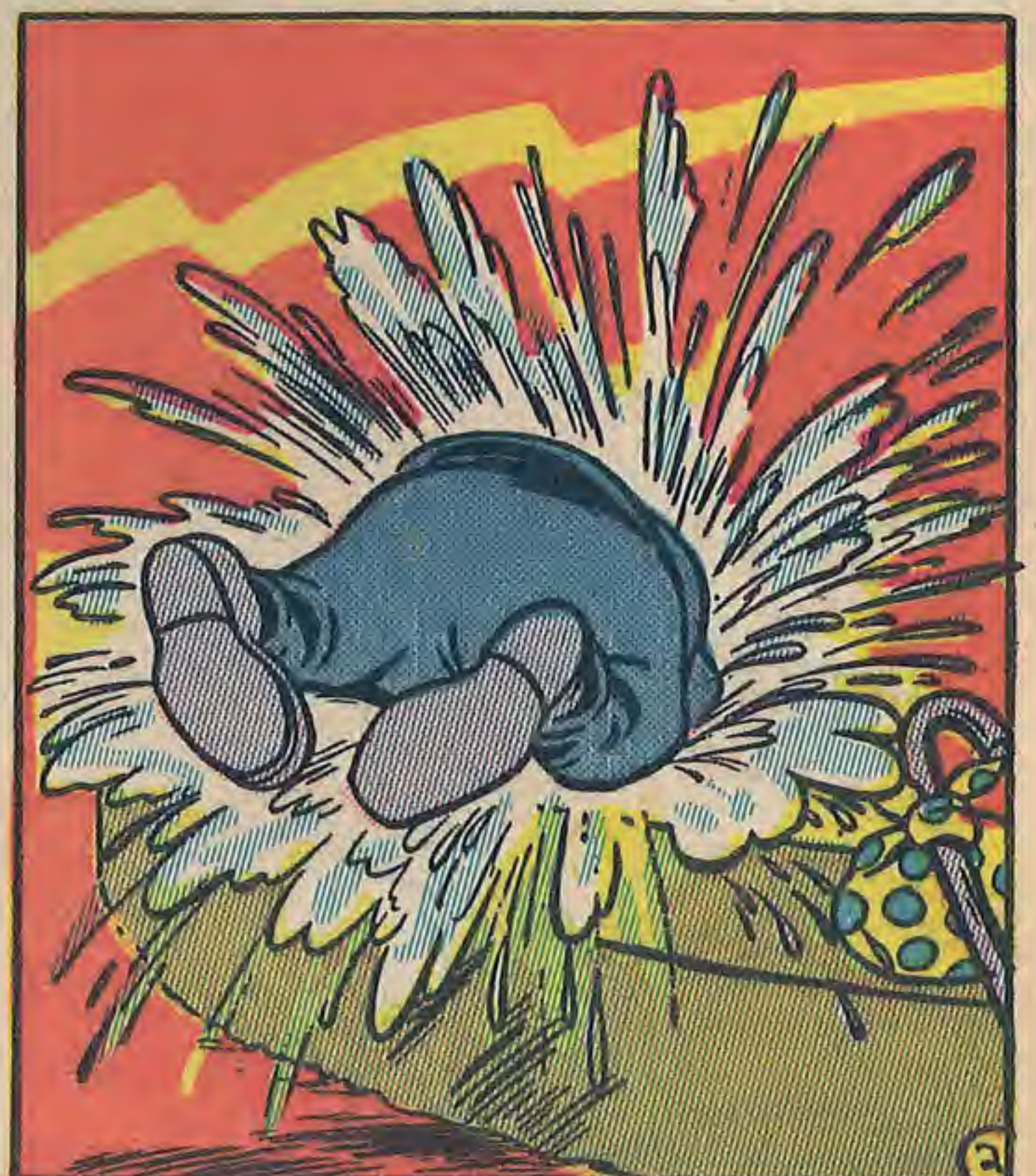
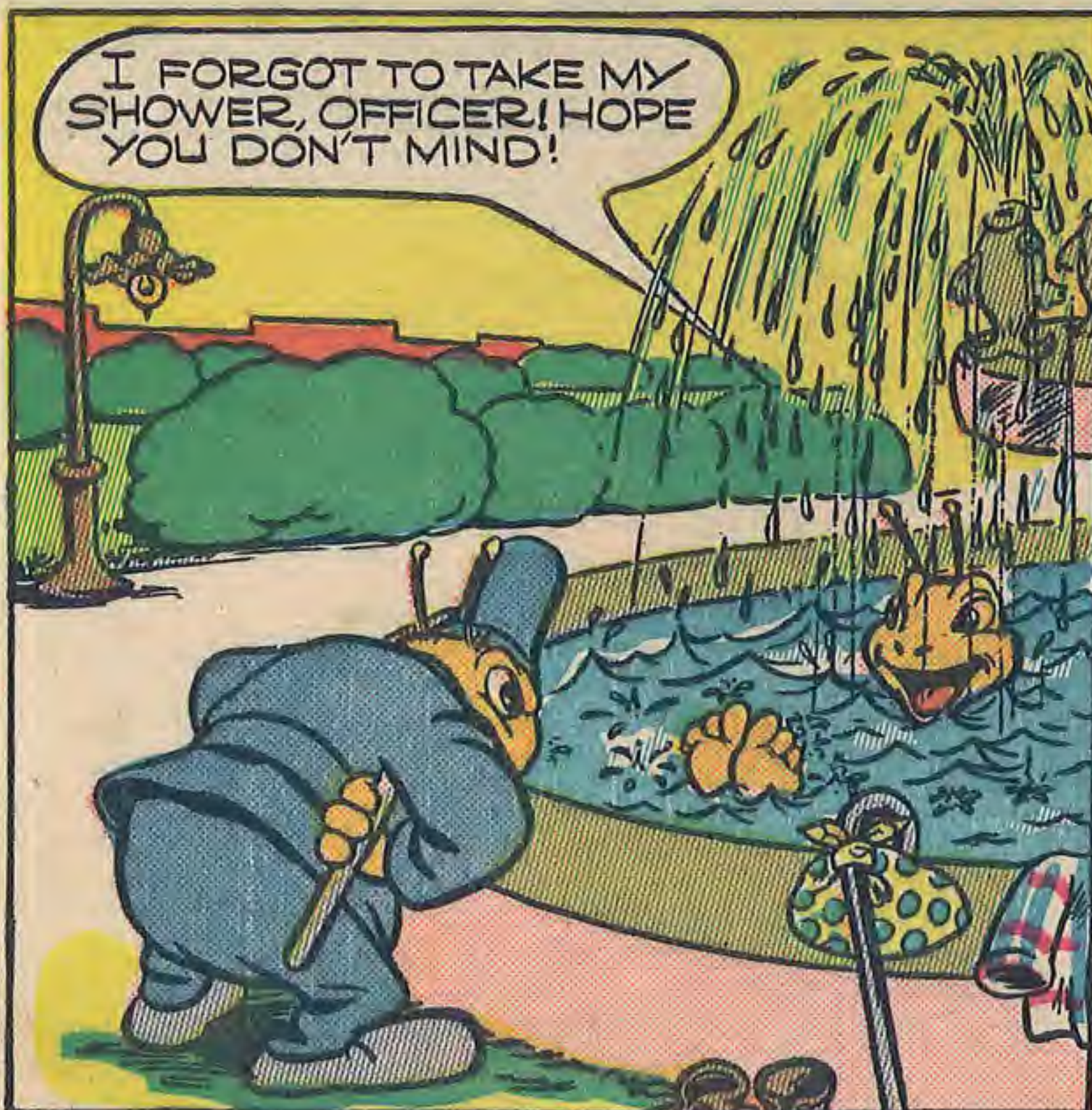
SMACK!

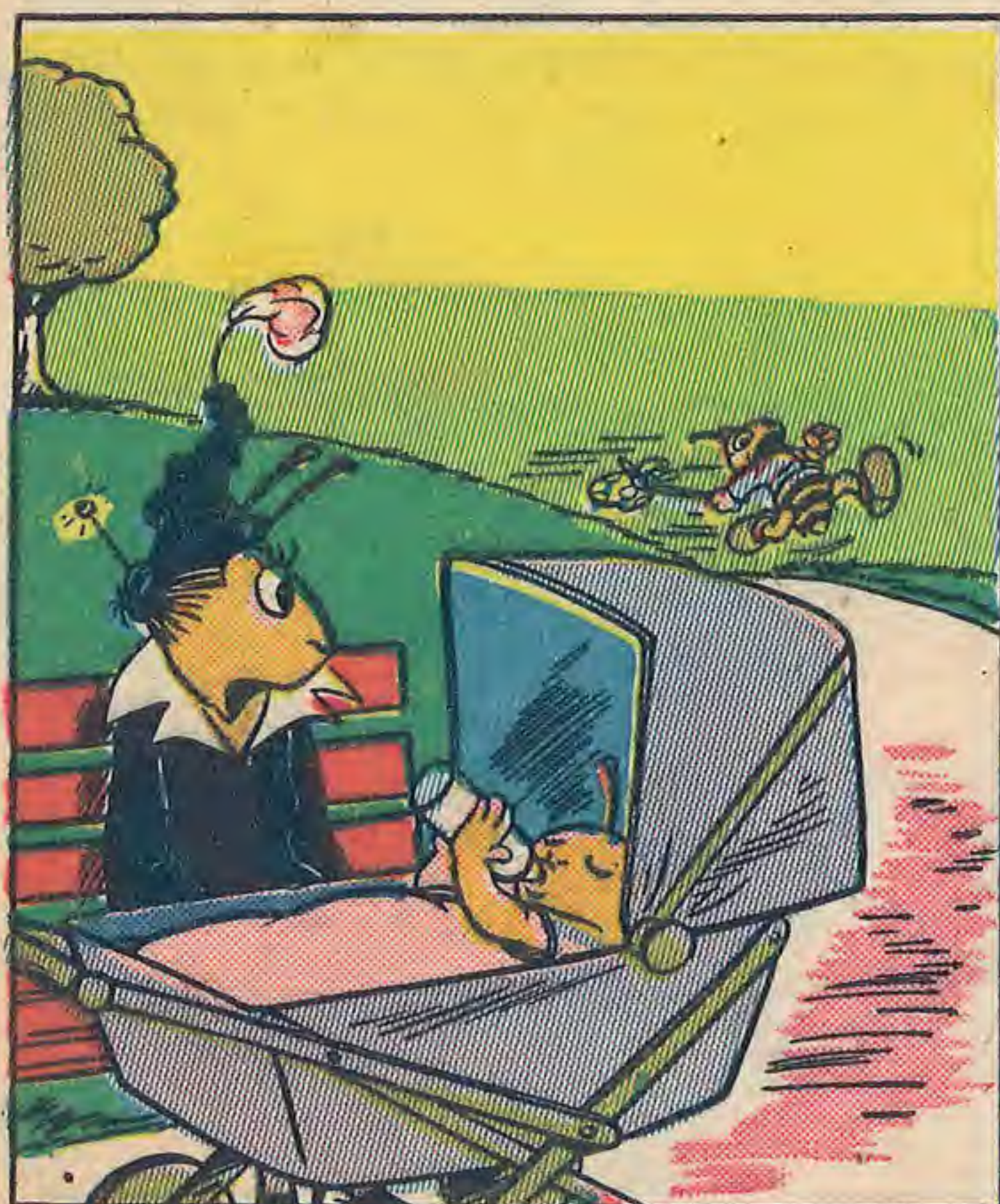
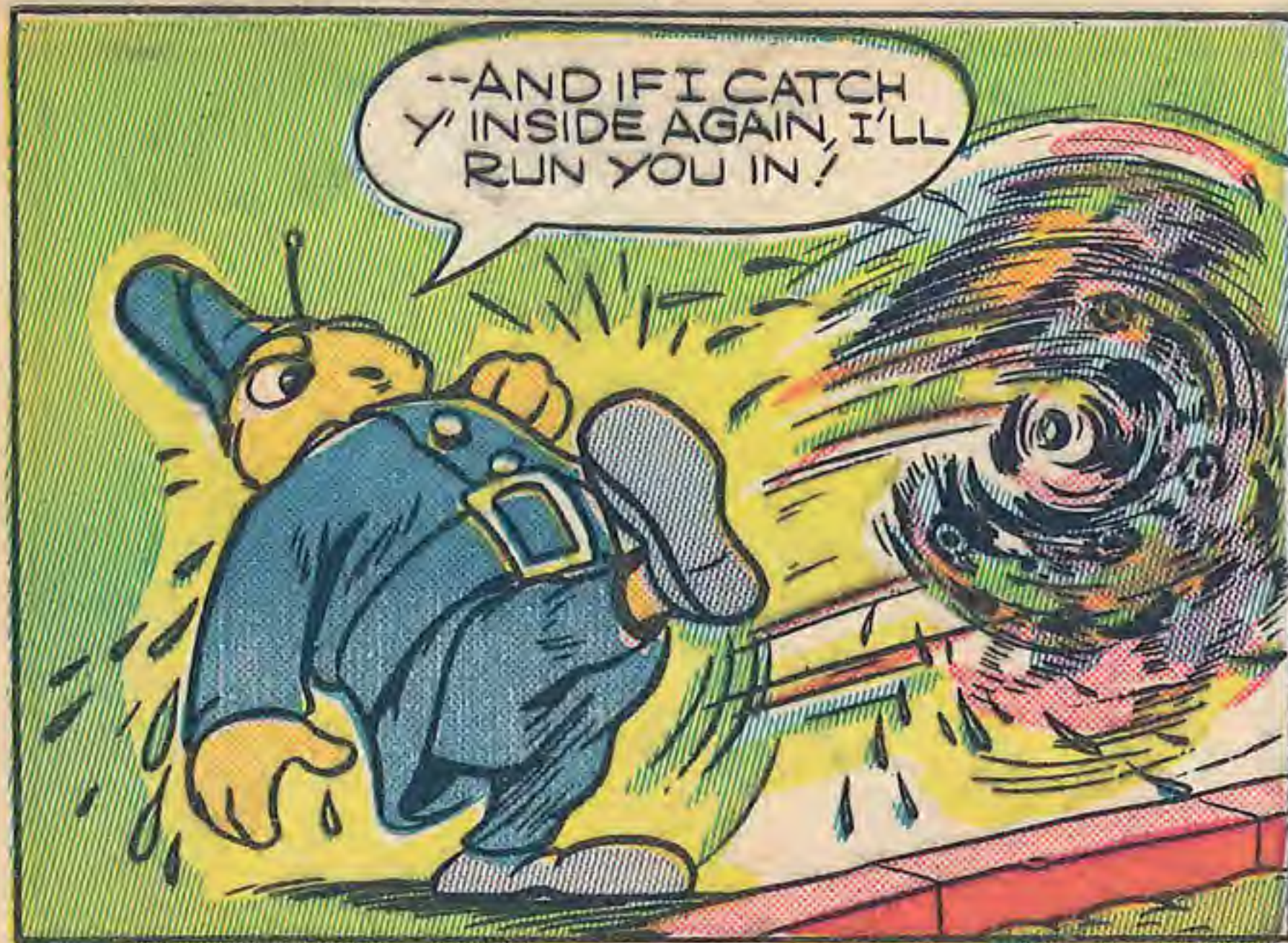
DAILY

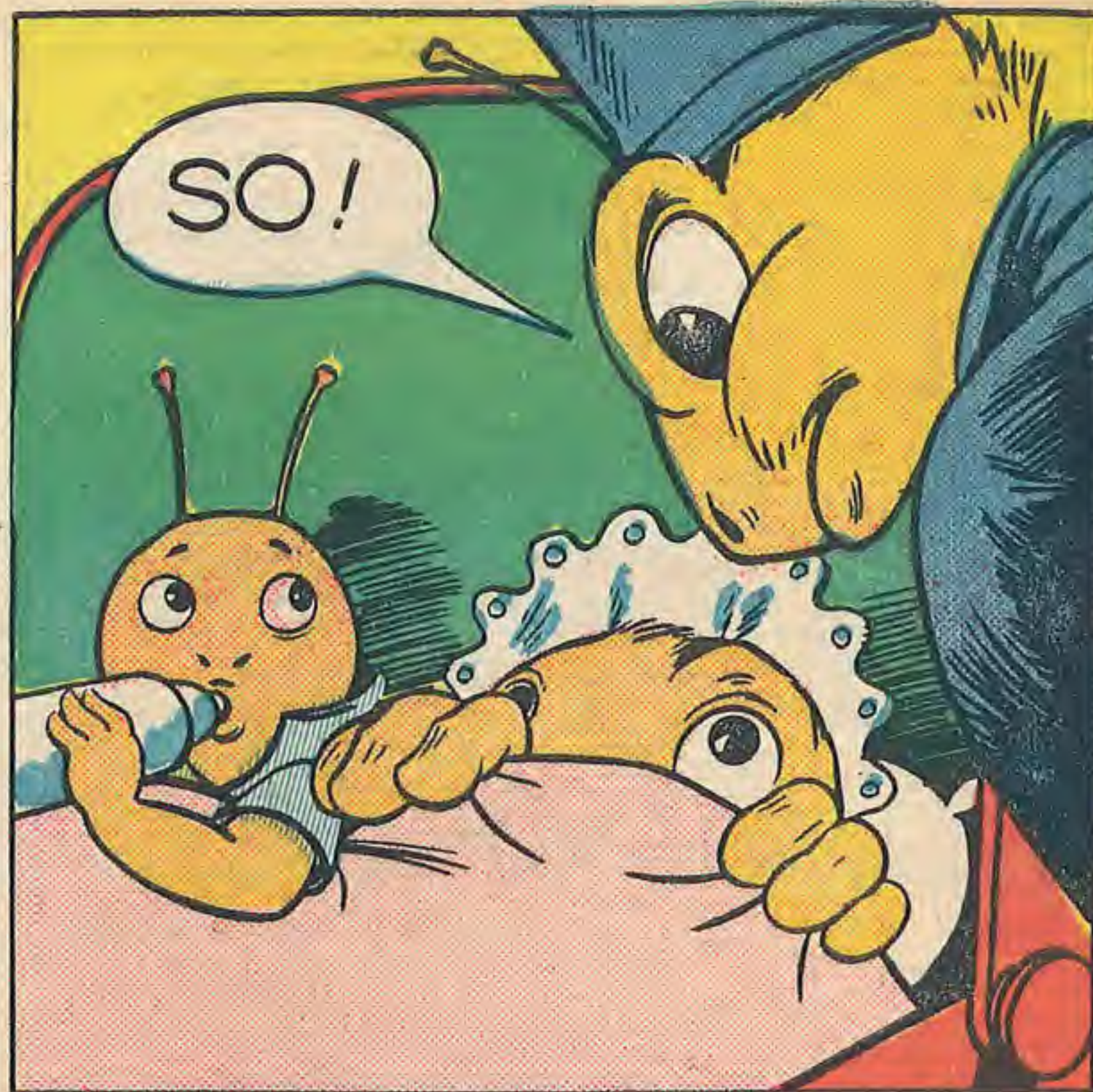
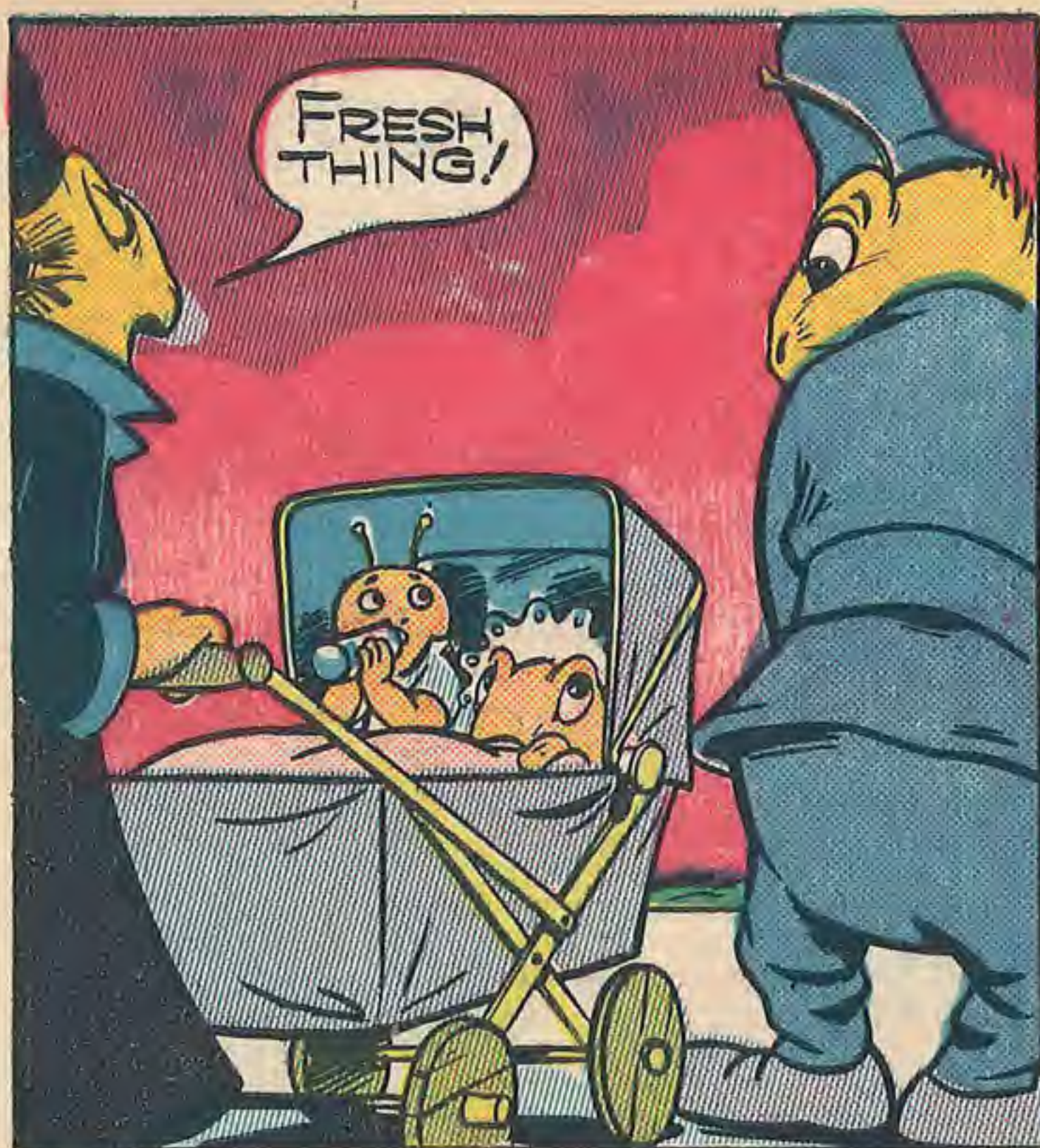
MOVE ALONG! NO BUMS
ALLOWED IN THIS PARK!

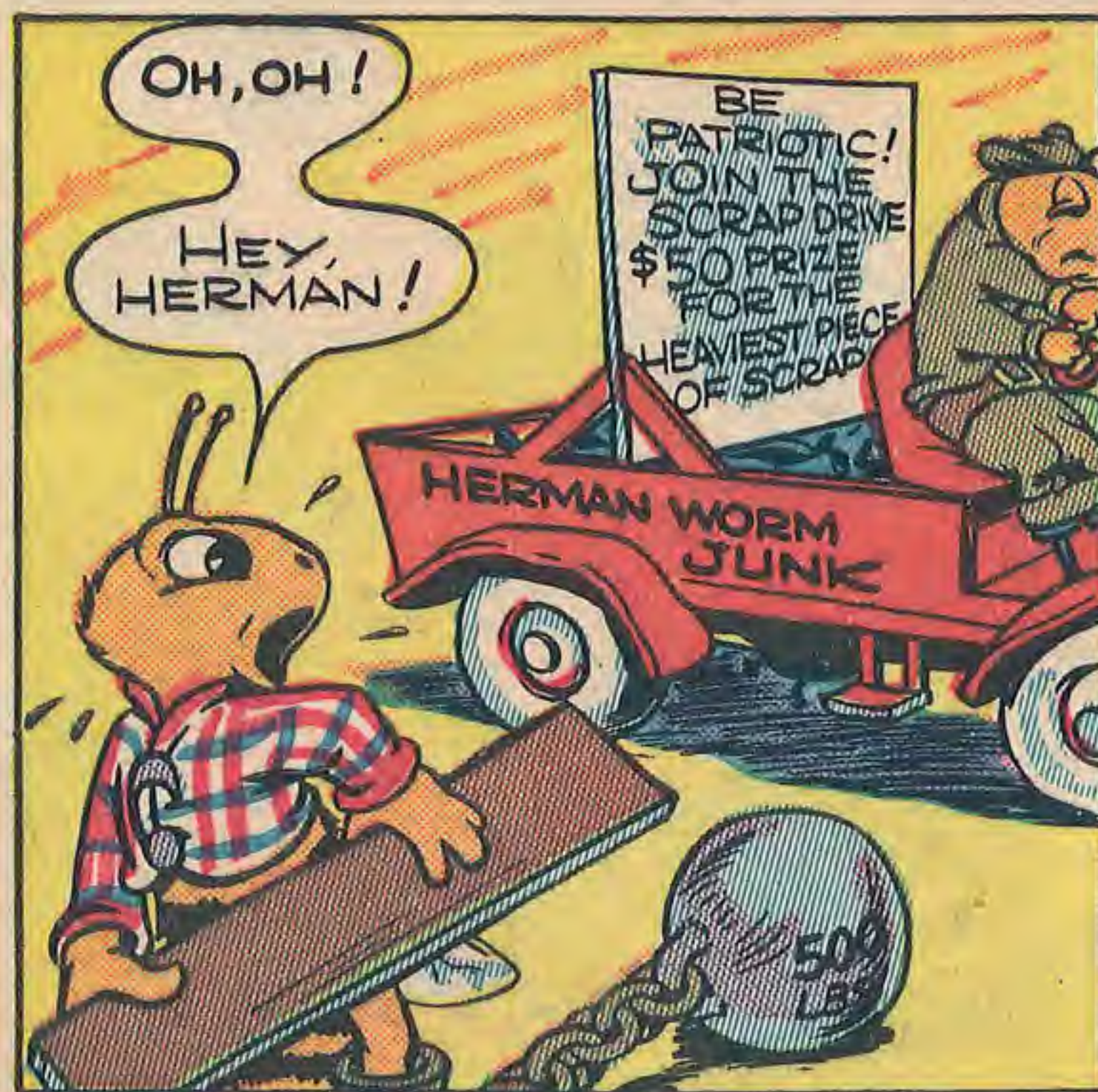
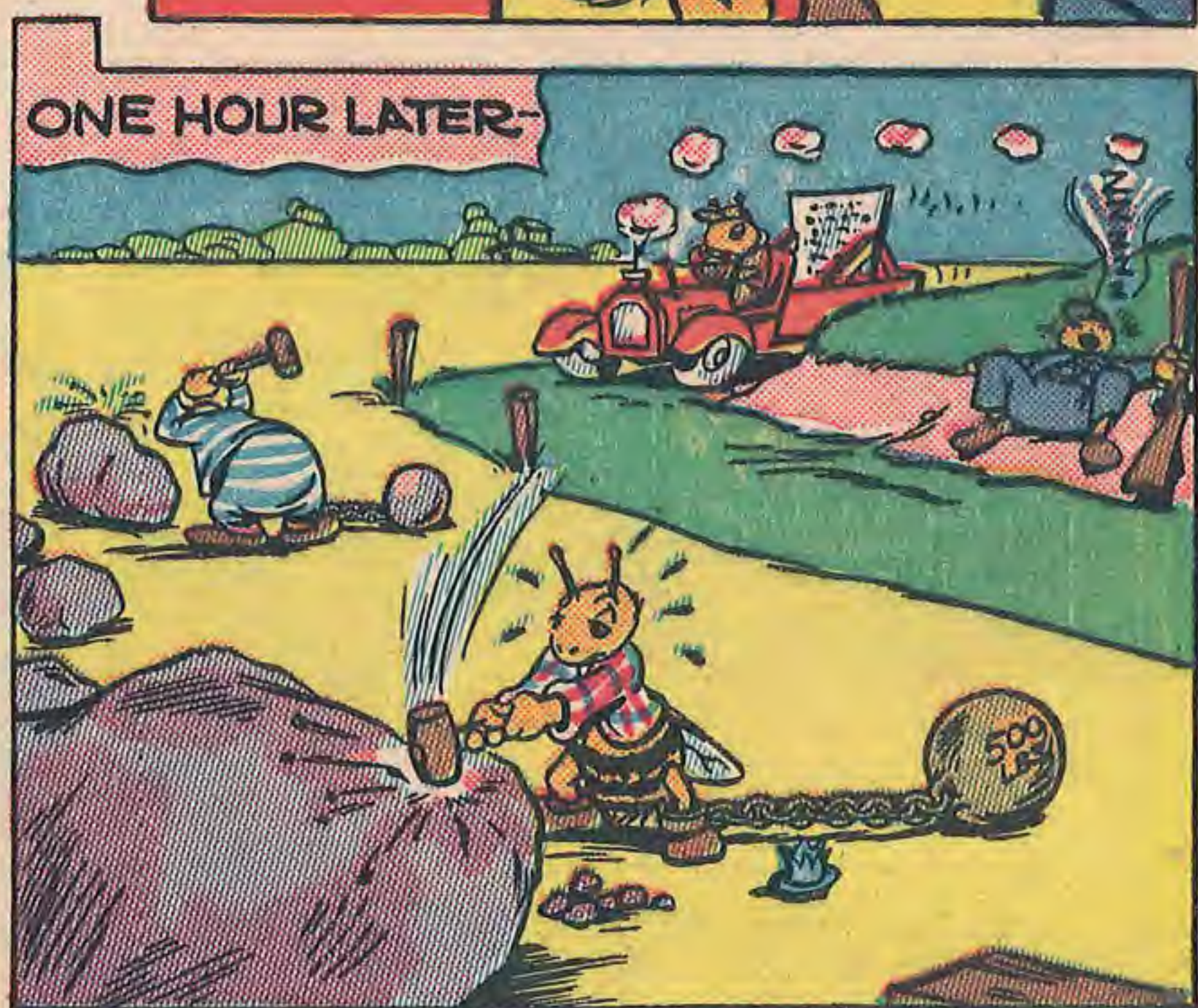
BUM!
I BEG YOUR
PARDON!
I'M NO BUM!

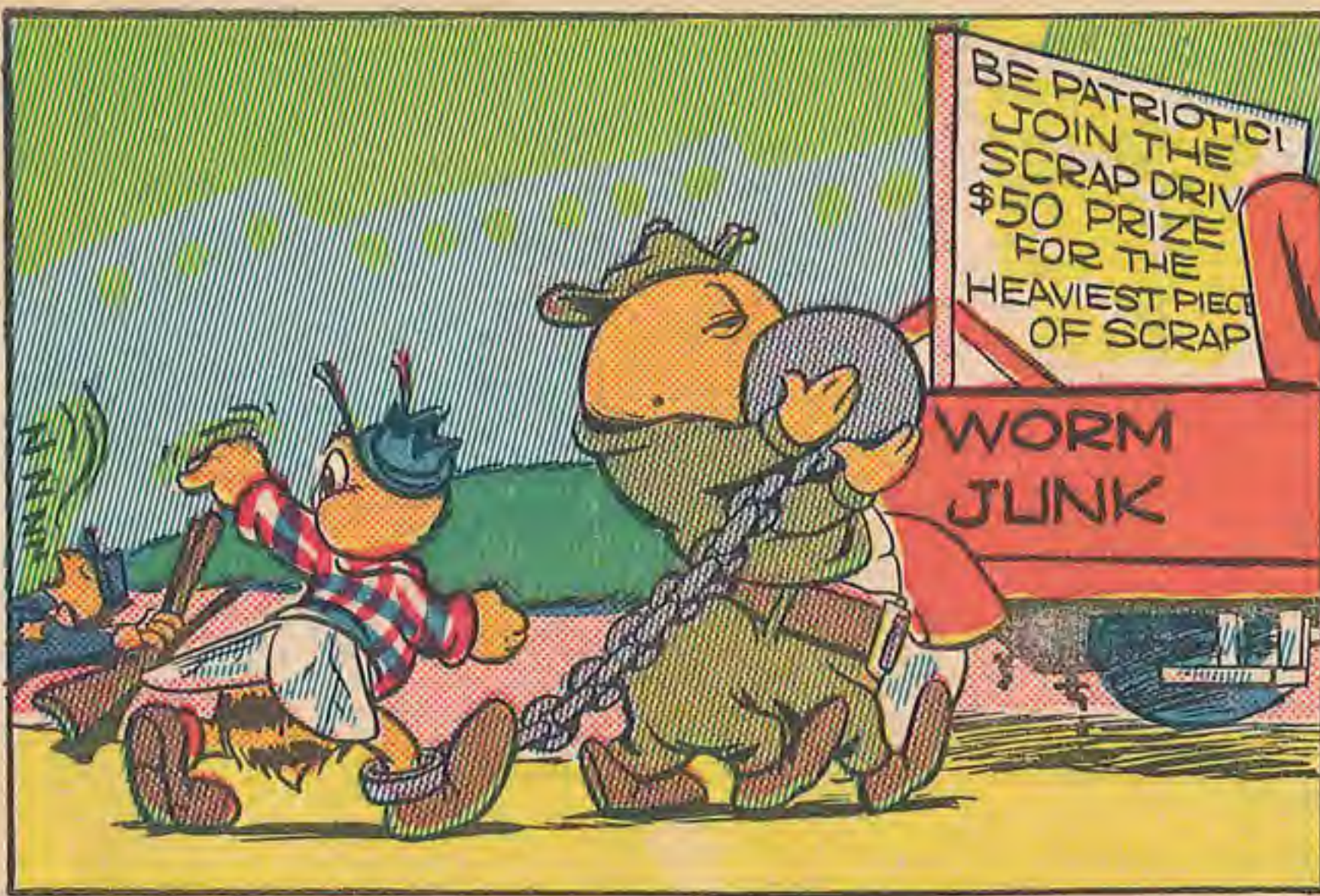
DAILY BLAT





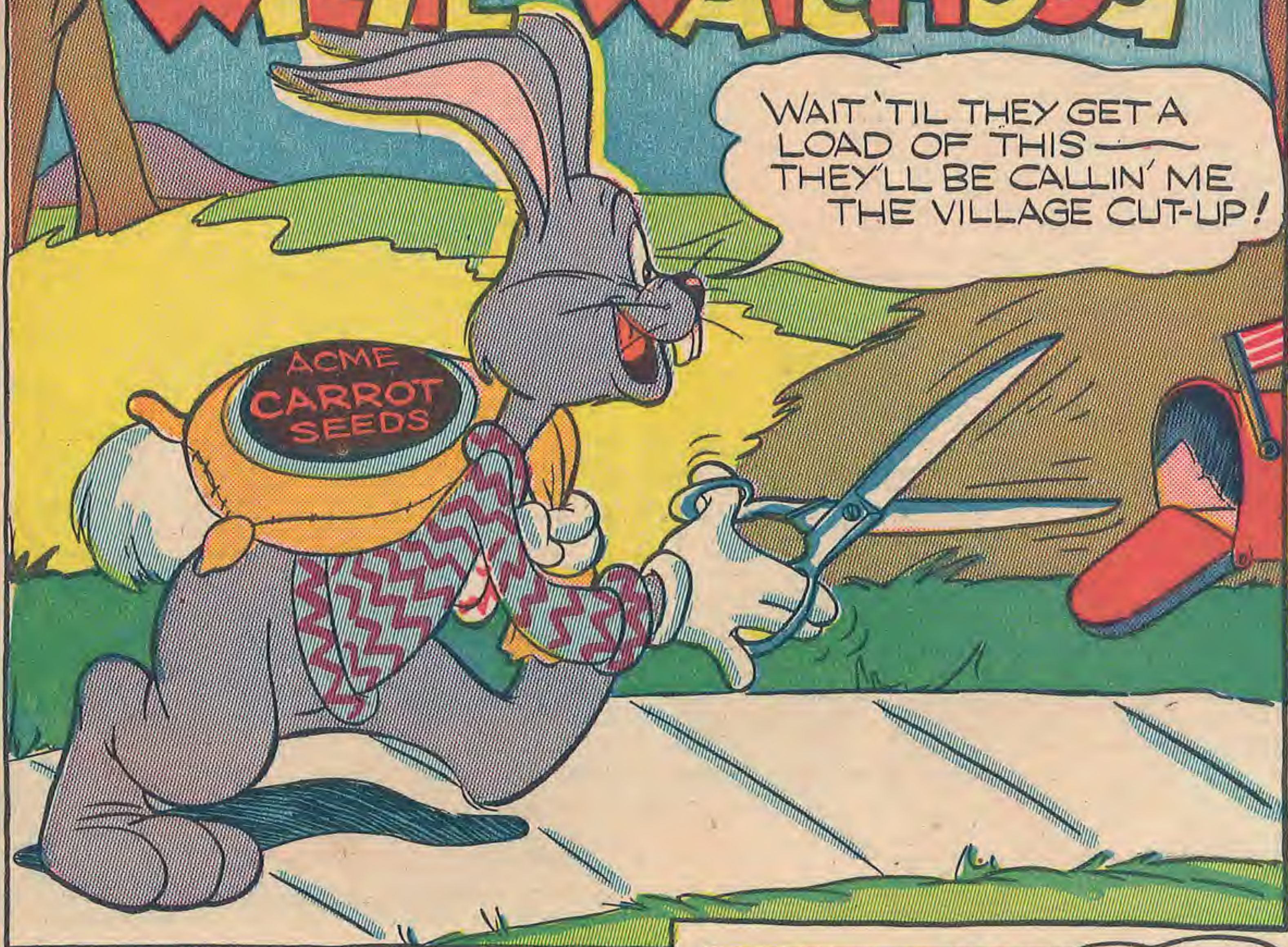




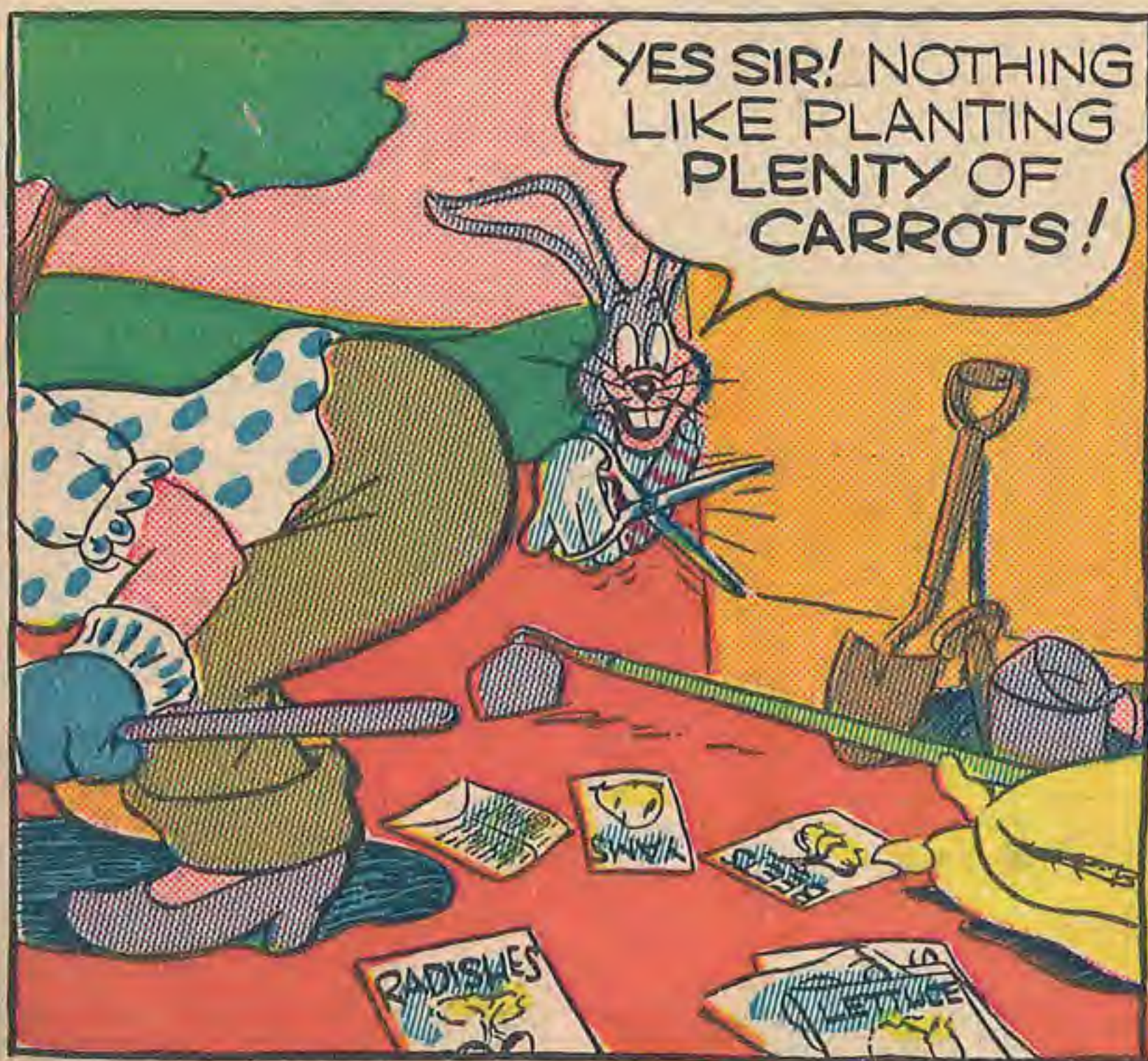


HURRY HARE and WILLIE WATCHDOG

WAIT 'TIL THEY GET A
LOAD OF THIS —
THEY'LL BE CALLIN' ME
THE VILLAGE CUT-UP!

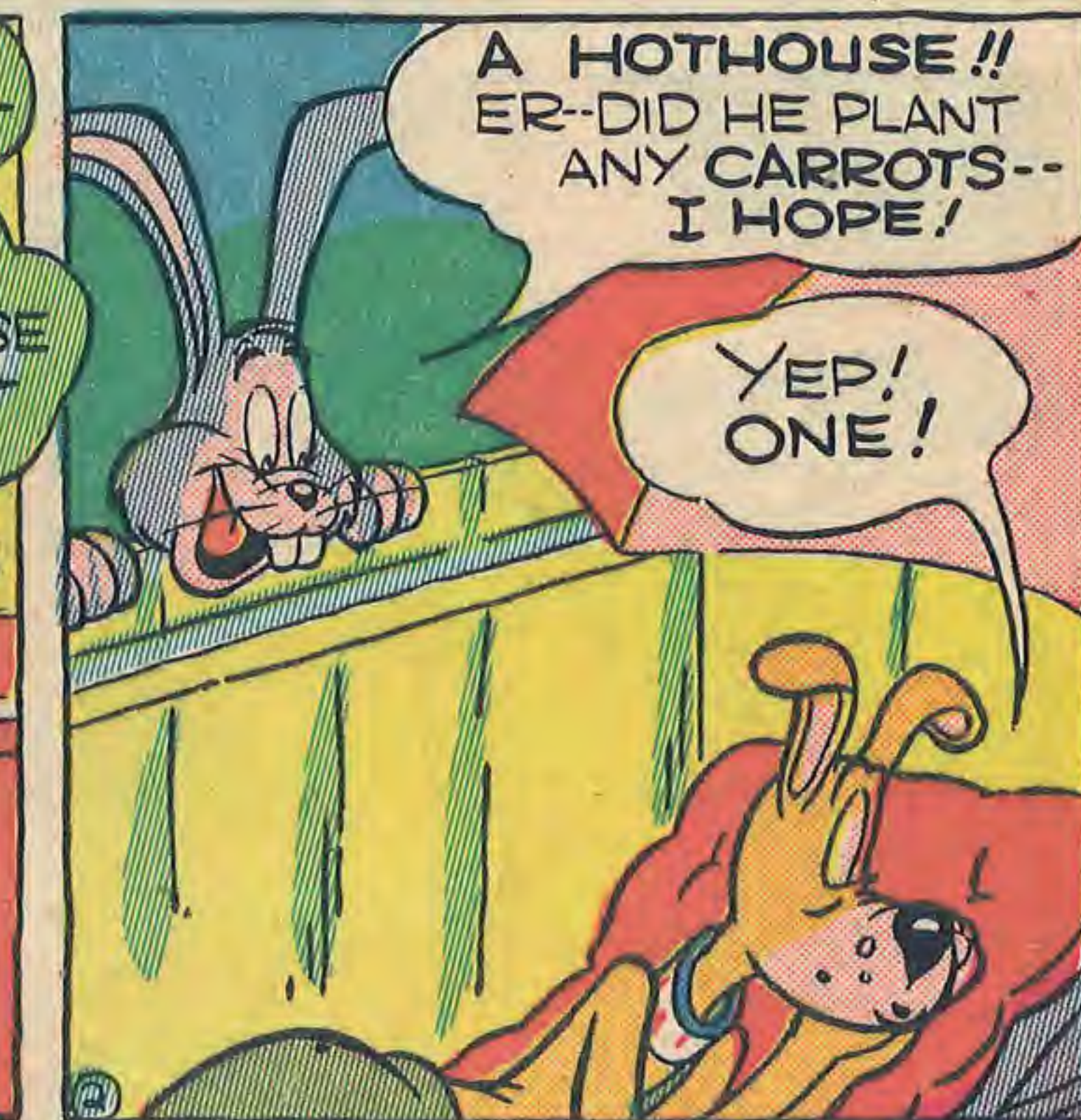
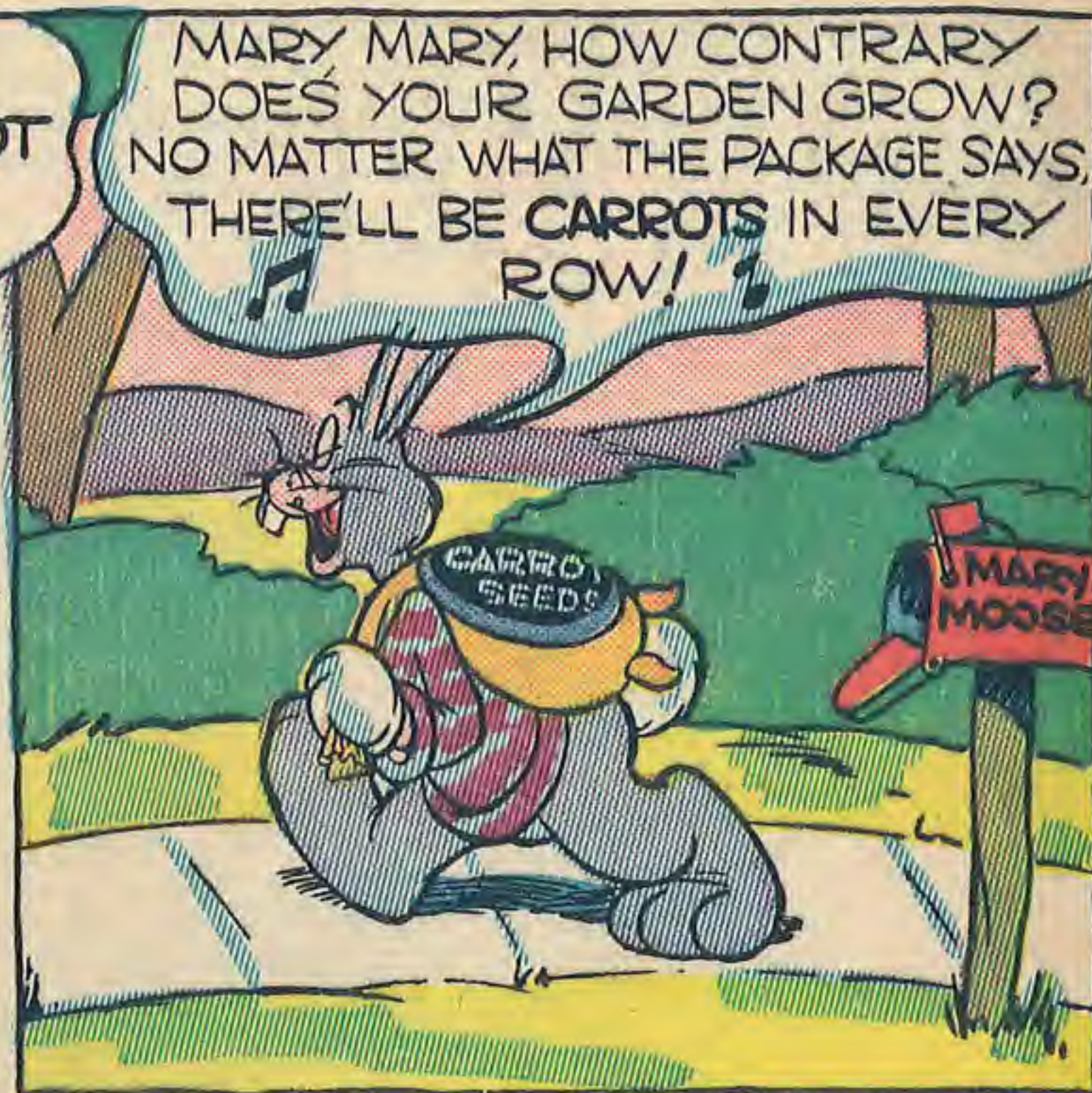


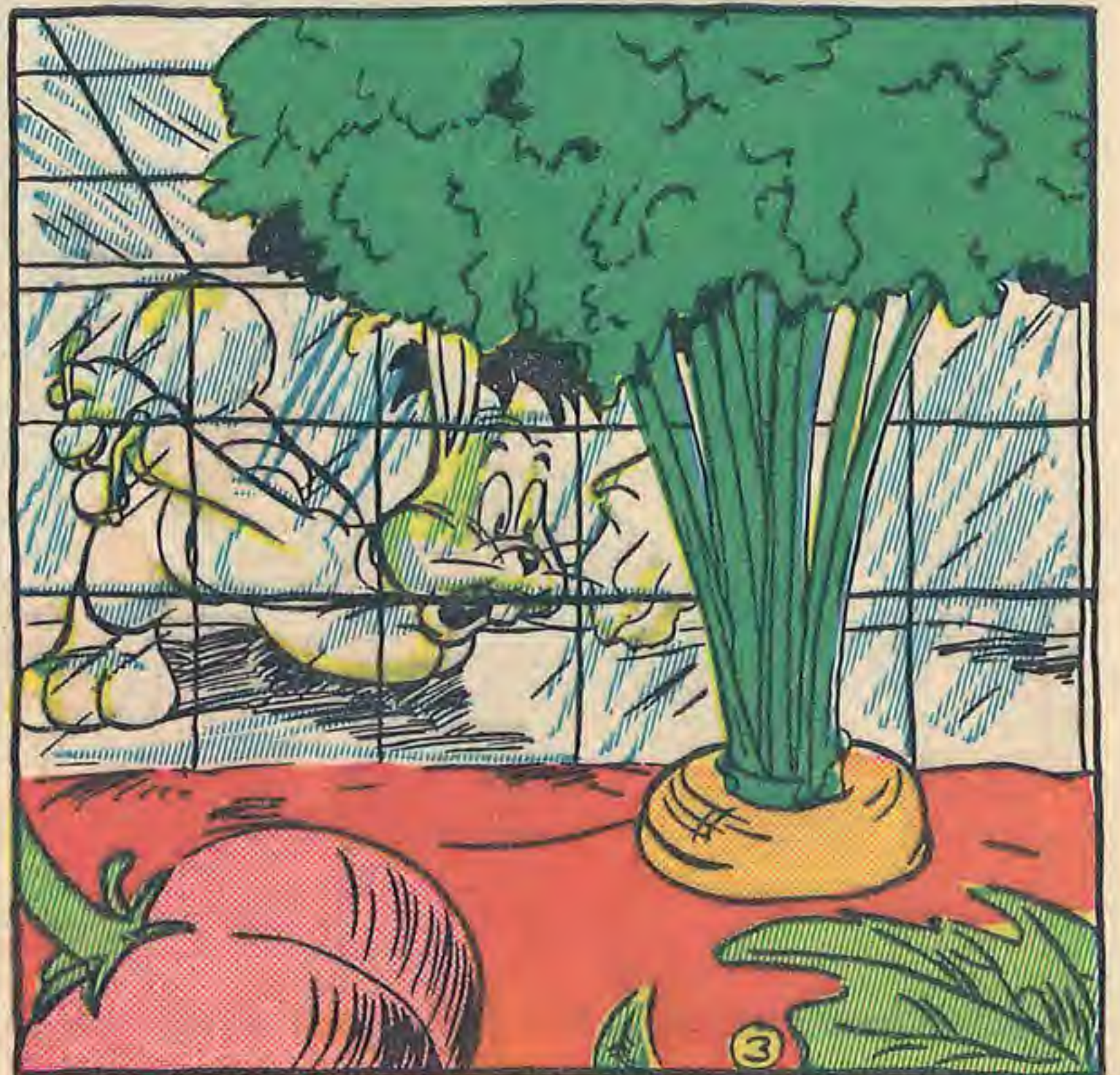
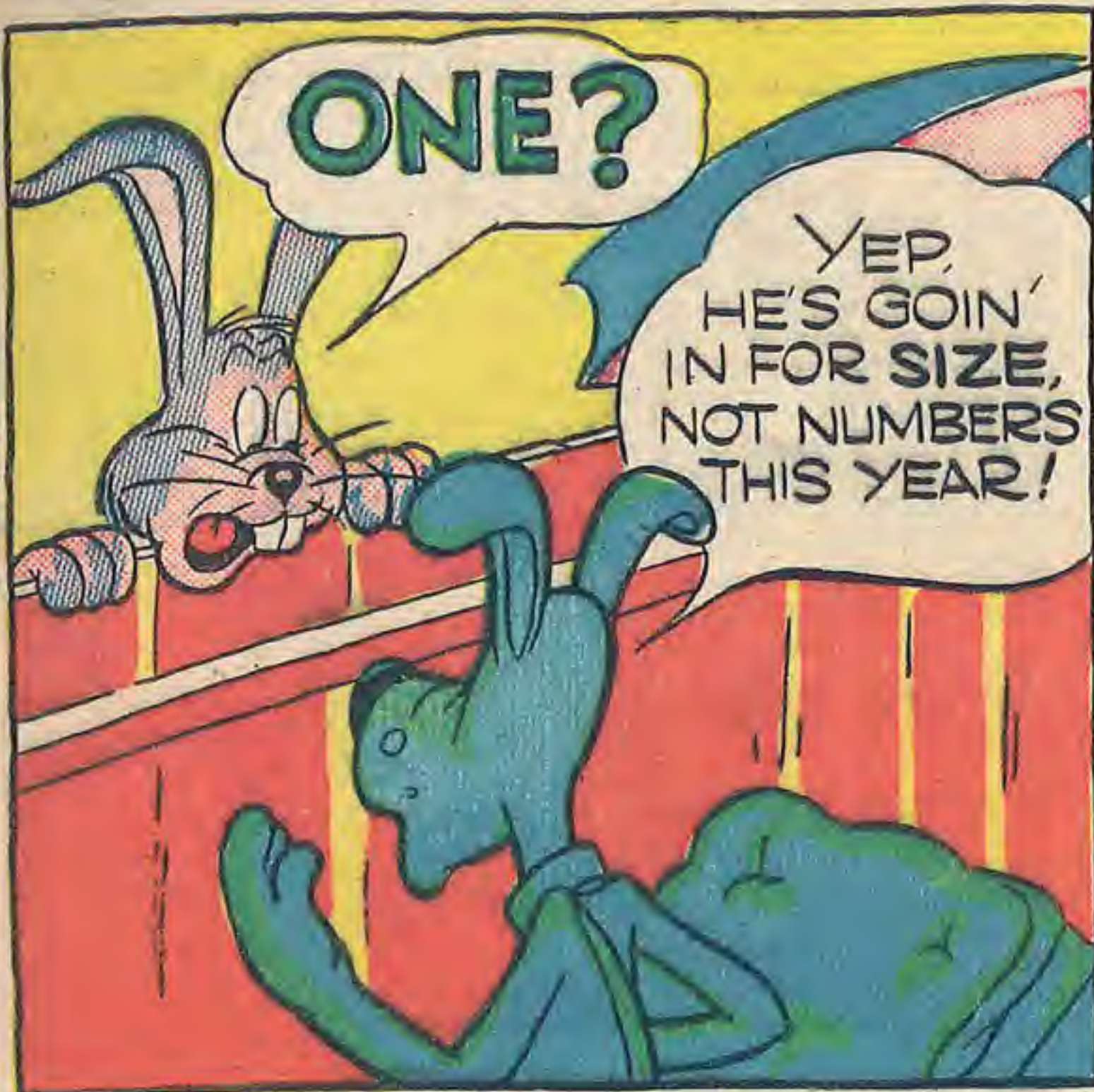
YES SIR! NOTHING
LIKE PLANTING
PLENTY OF
CARROTS!

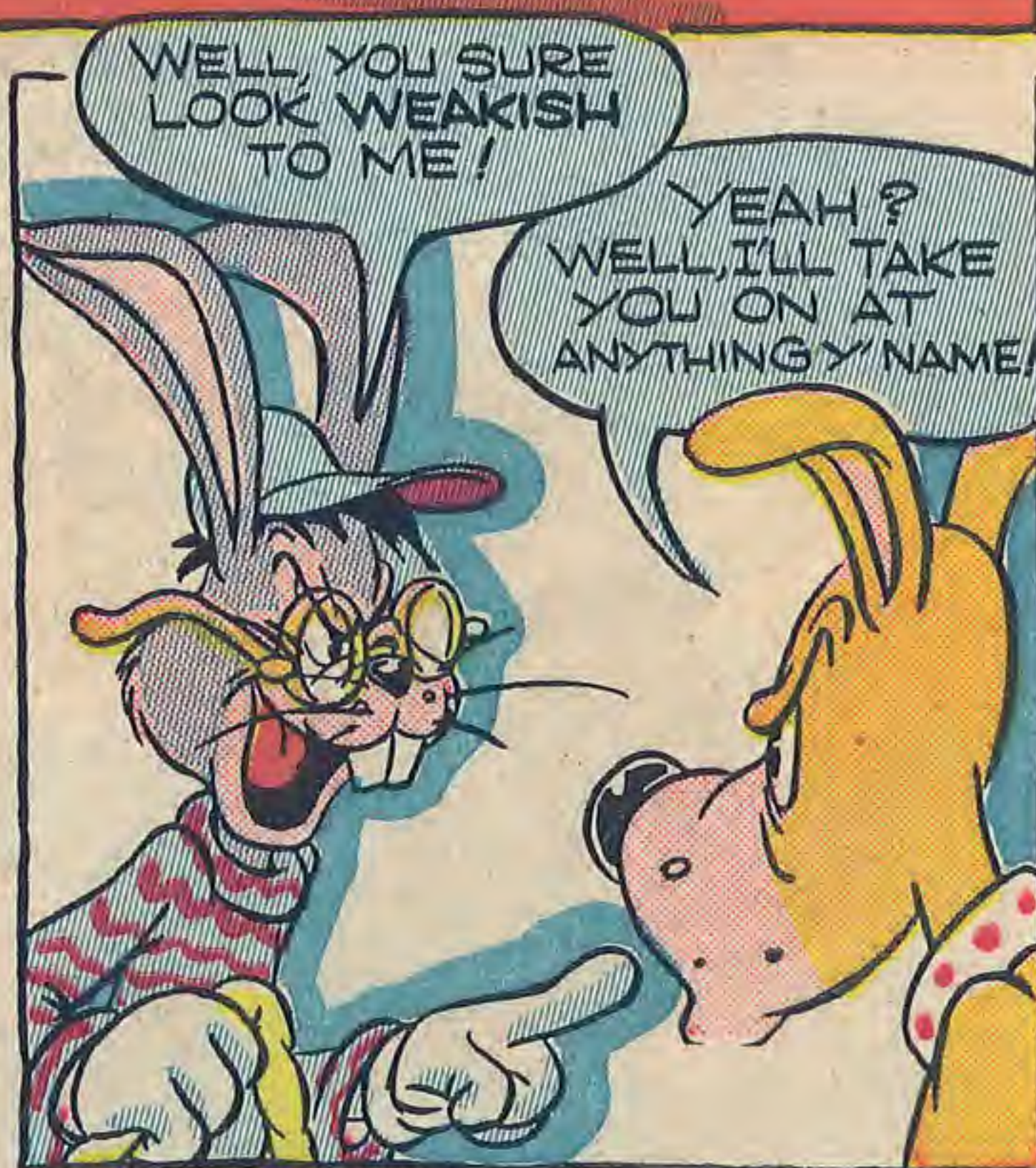
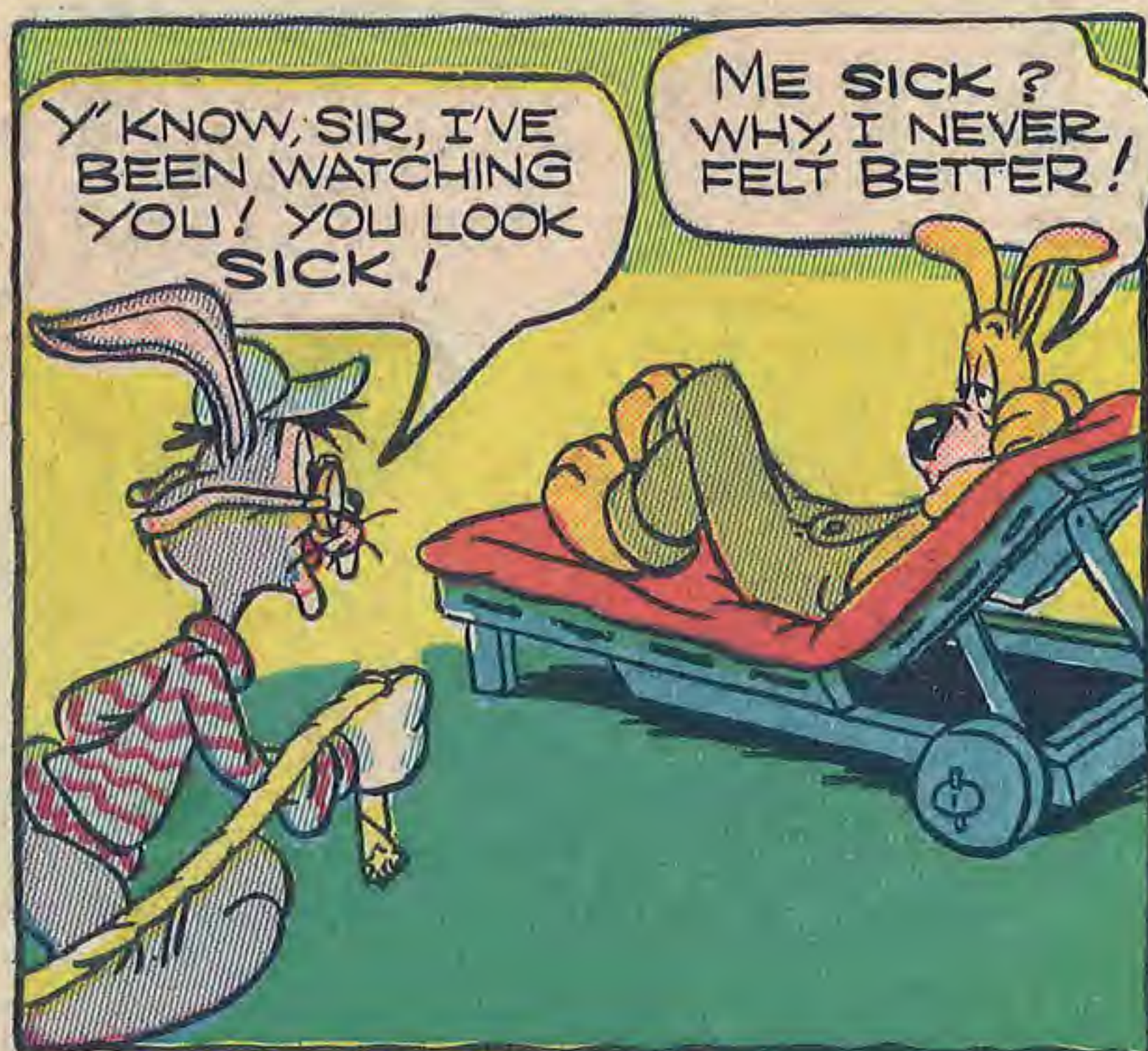
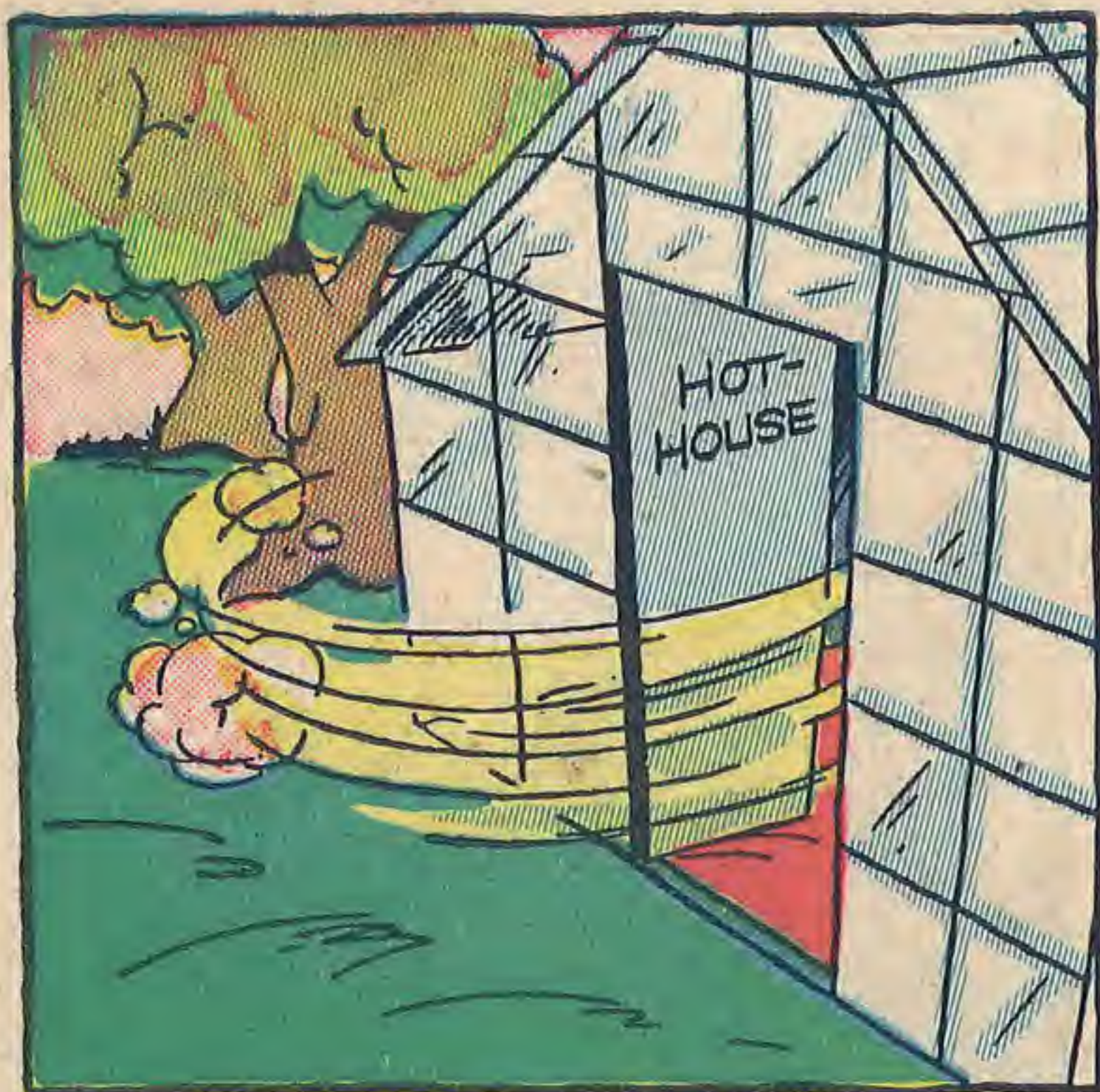


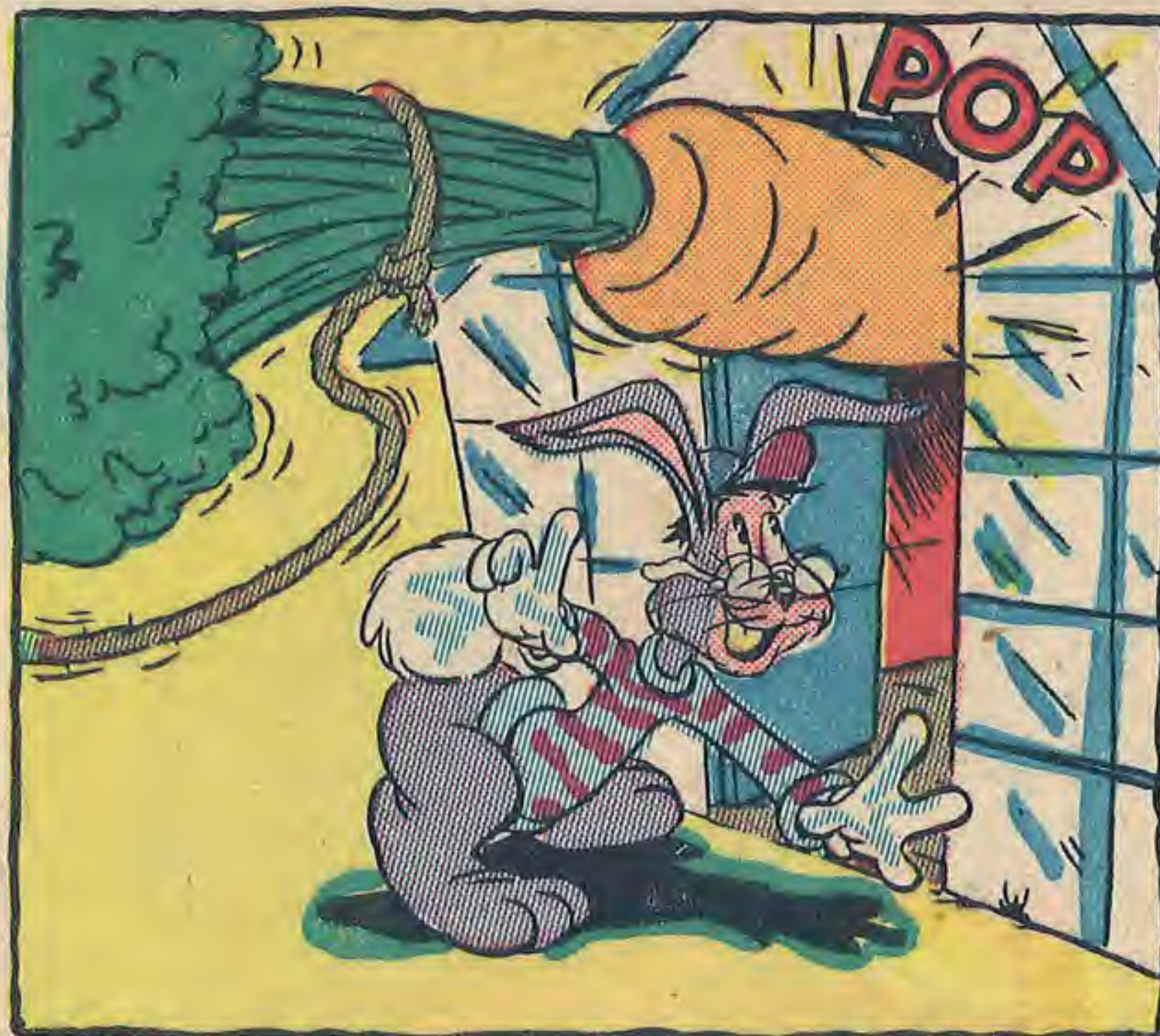
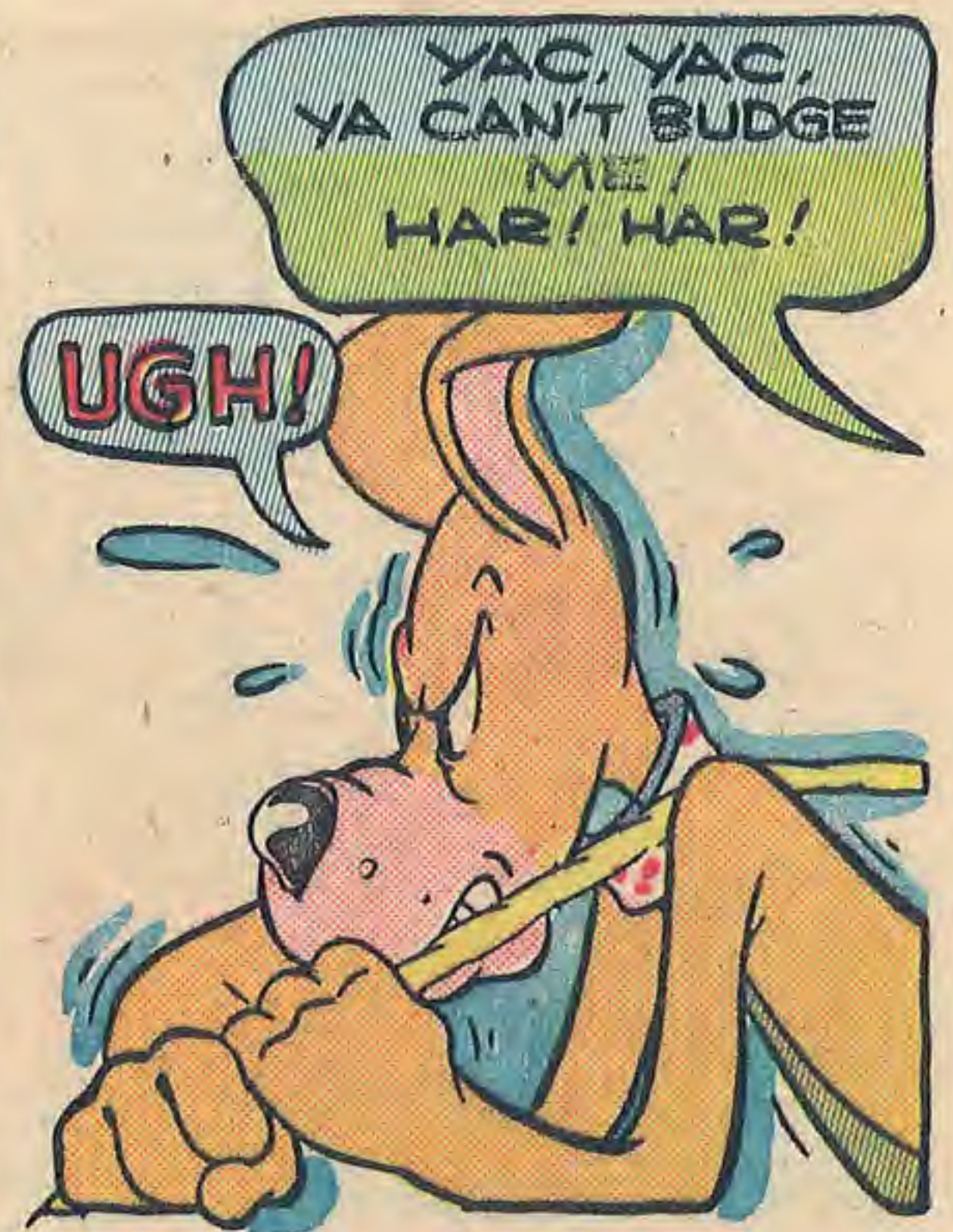
JUST SNIP
OFF THE
TOP --

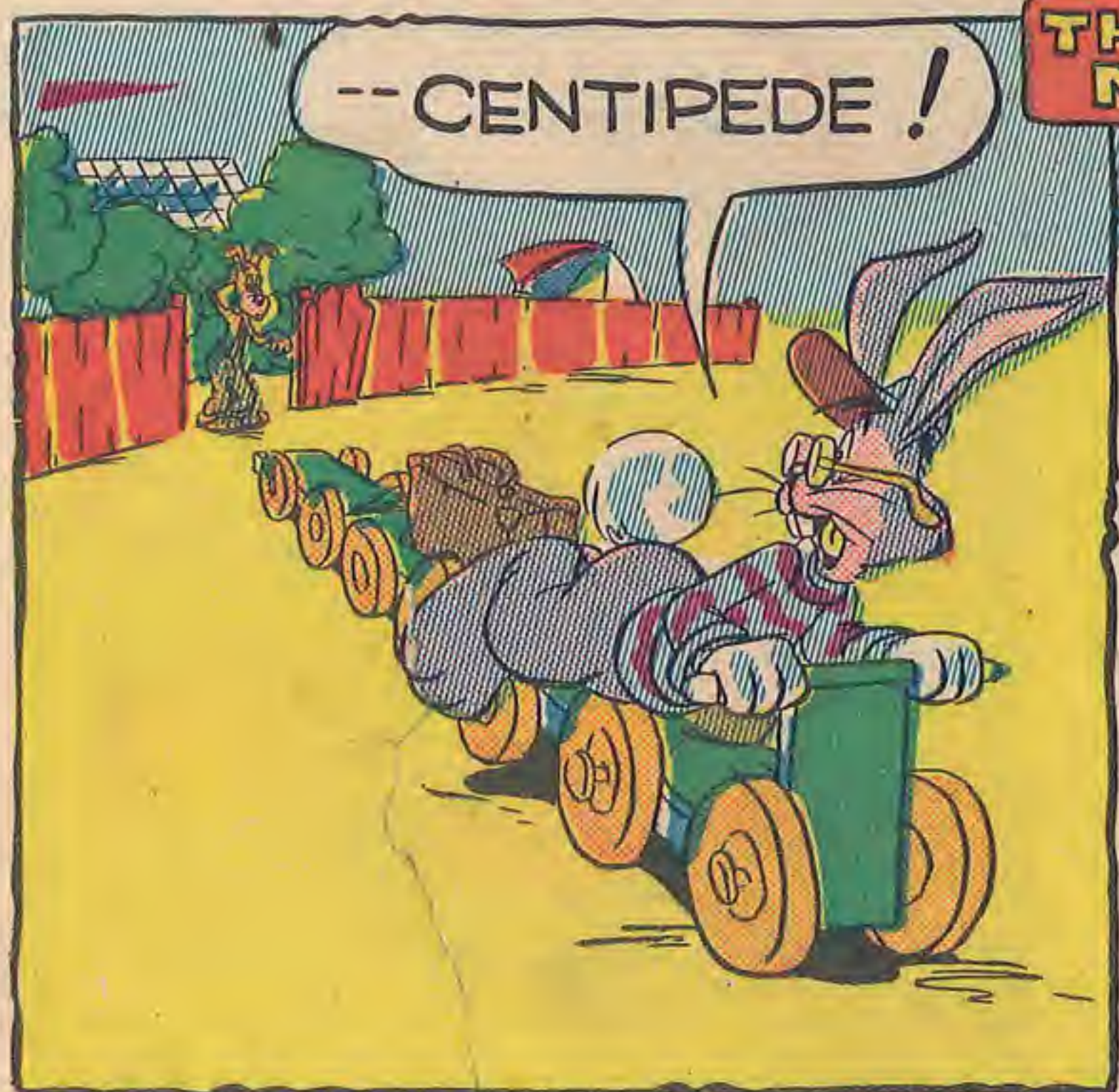
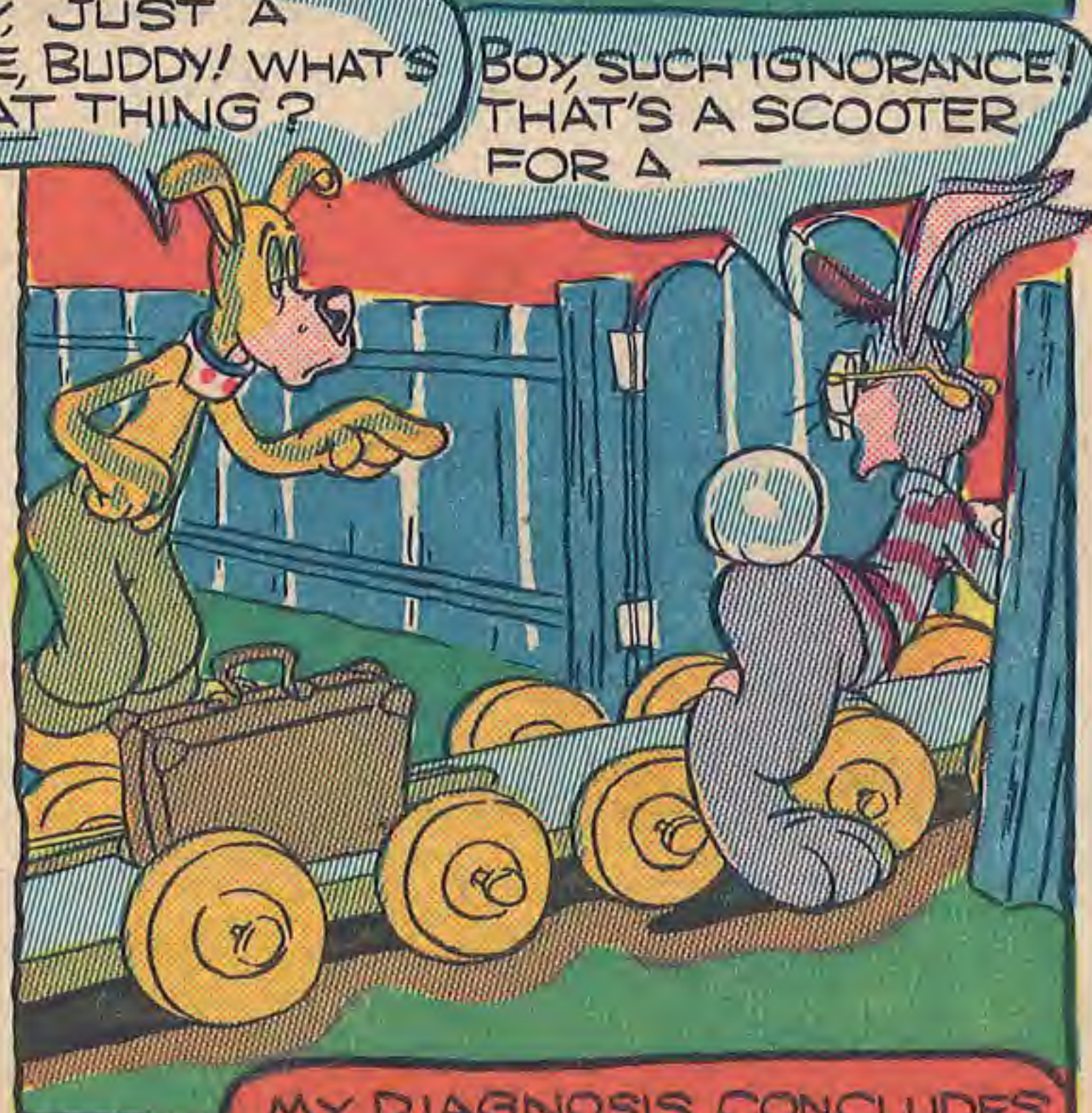
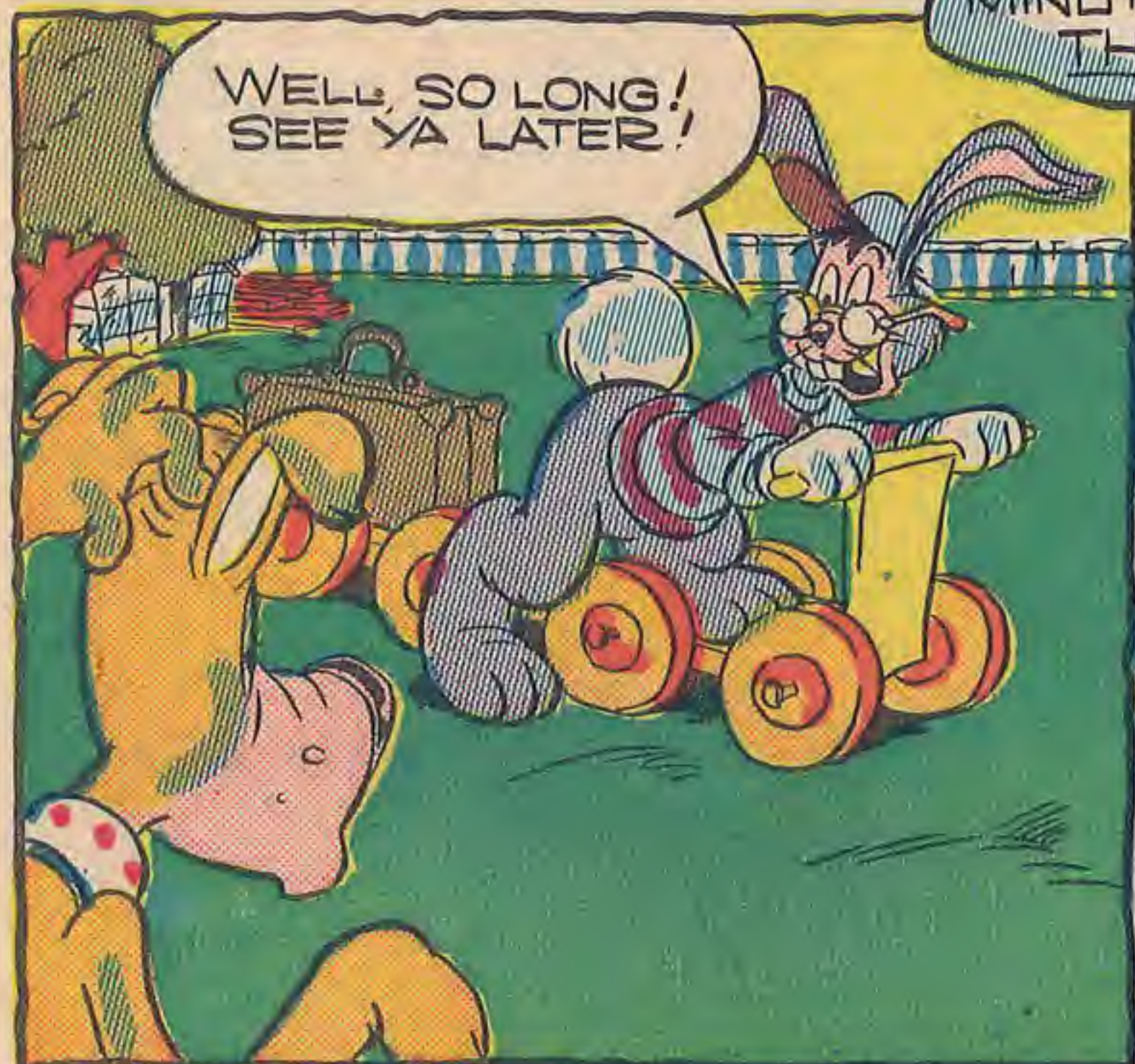
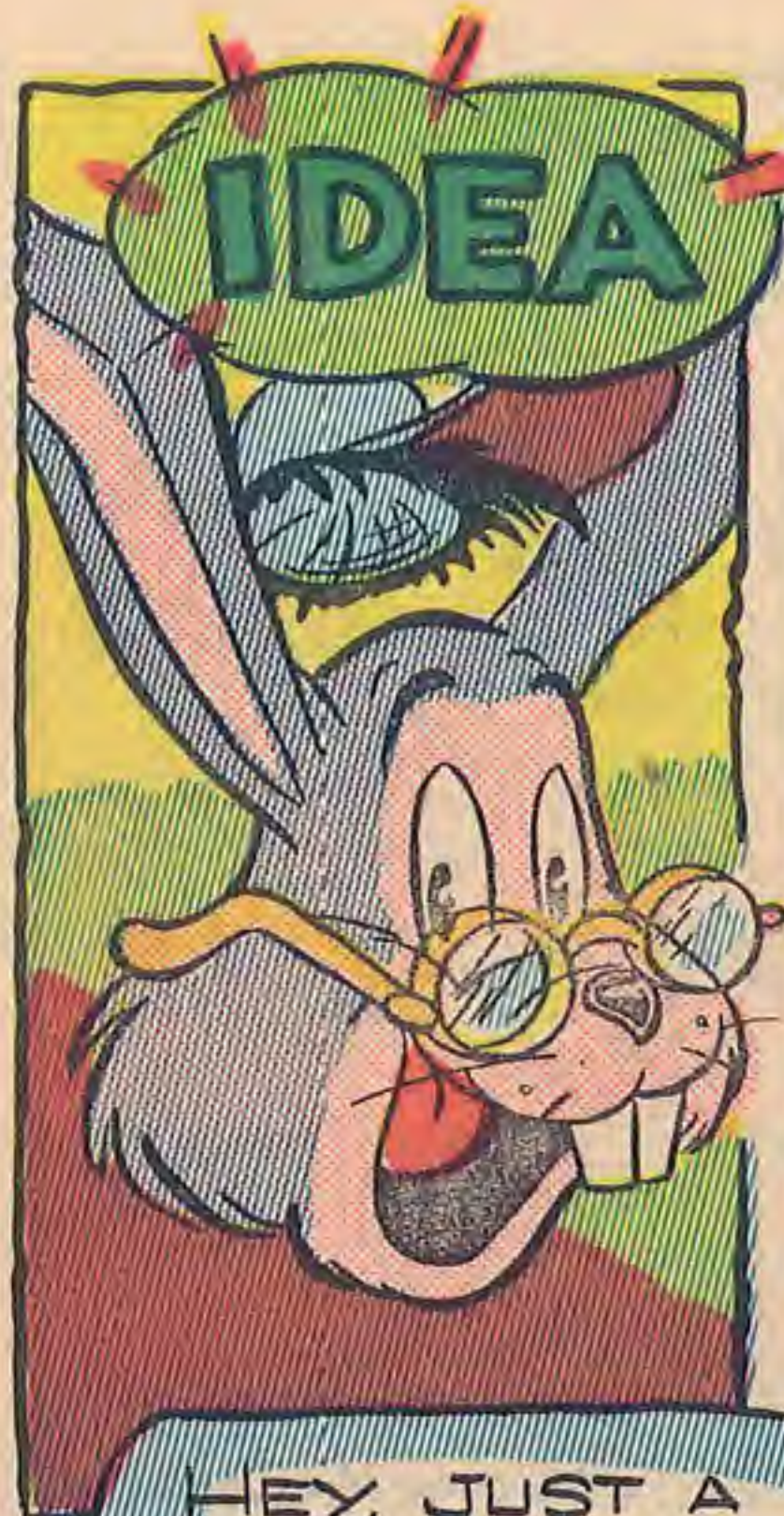












HORACE

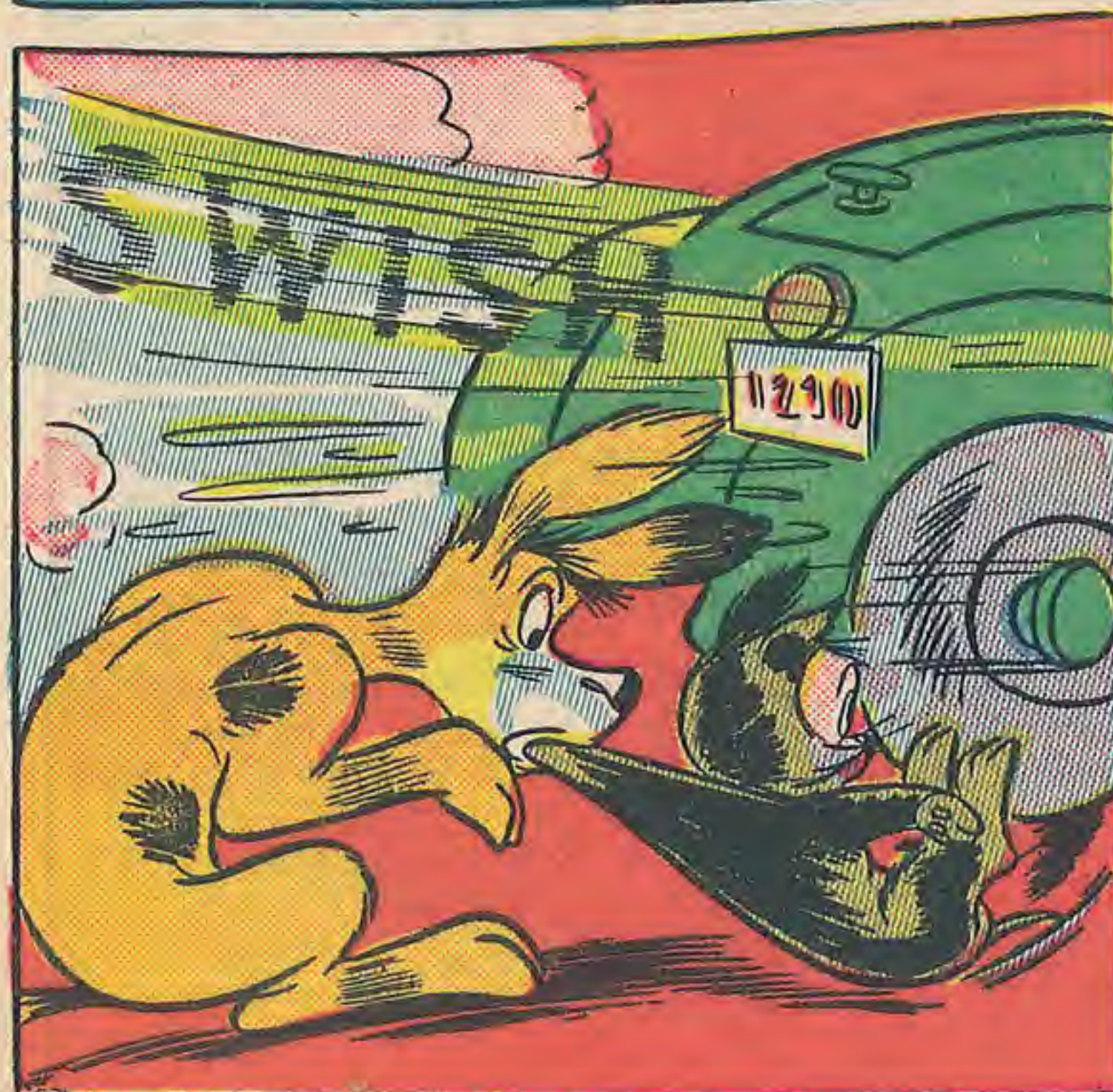
OH! OH!
FOOD!

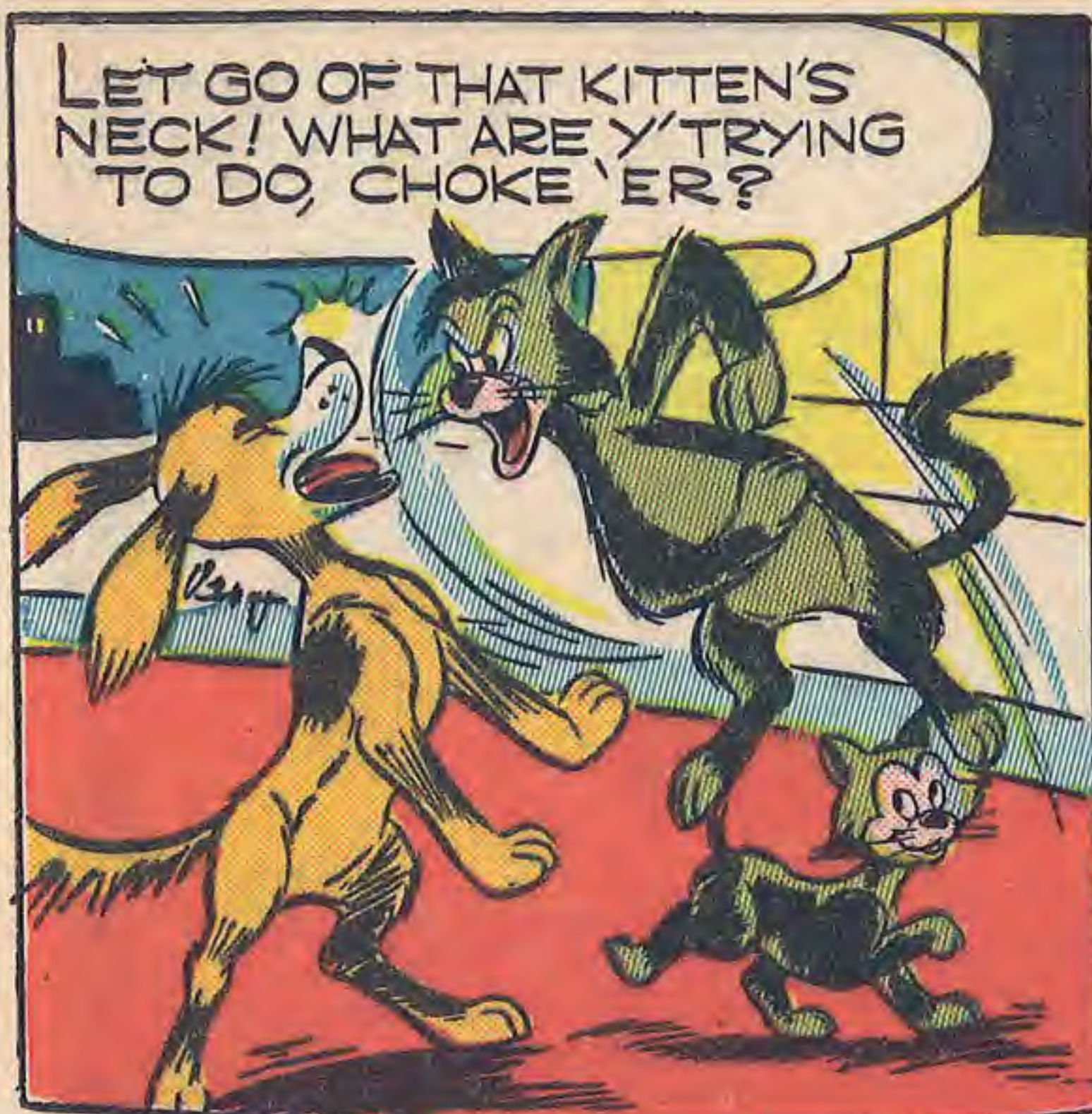
DRAWN BY
HARRIS STEINBROOK

QUICK
CHANGE
STUFF!

MY BONE! WHERE
DID MY BONE
GO ??







LET GO OF THAT KITTEN'S NECK! WHAT ARE Y' TRYING TO DO, CHOKE 'ER?



GUESS THAT WAS MY OWN FAULT! I SHOULD'A KNOWN BETTER THAN TO HELP A CAT!



HI, FELLAS! HOW ABOUT US ALL GOING OVER AND CHASE MURPHY'S CAT! — HUH, SHALL WE?

SCRAM, HORACE, WE'RE ON TO YOU AND YOUR TRICKS! Y' PROBABLY GOT SOMETHIN' PLANNED TO CHISEL US OUT OF OUR BONES!



I HAVE NOT! I'M YOU FELLAS' FRIEND—AND I'LL PROVE IT!

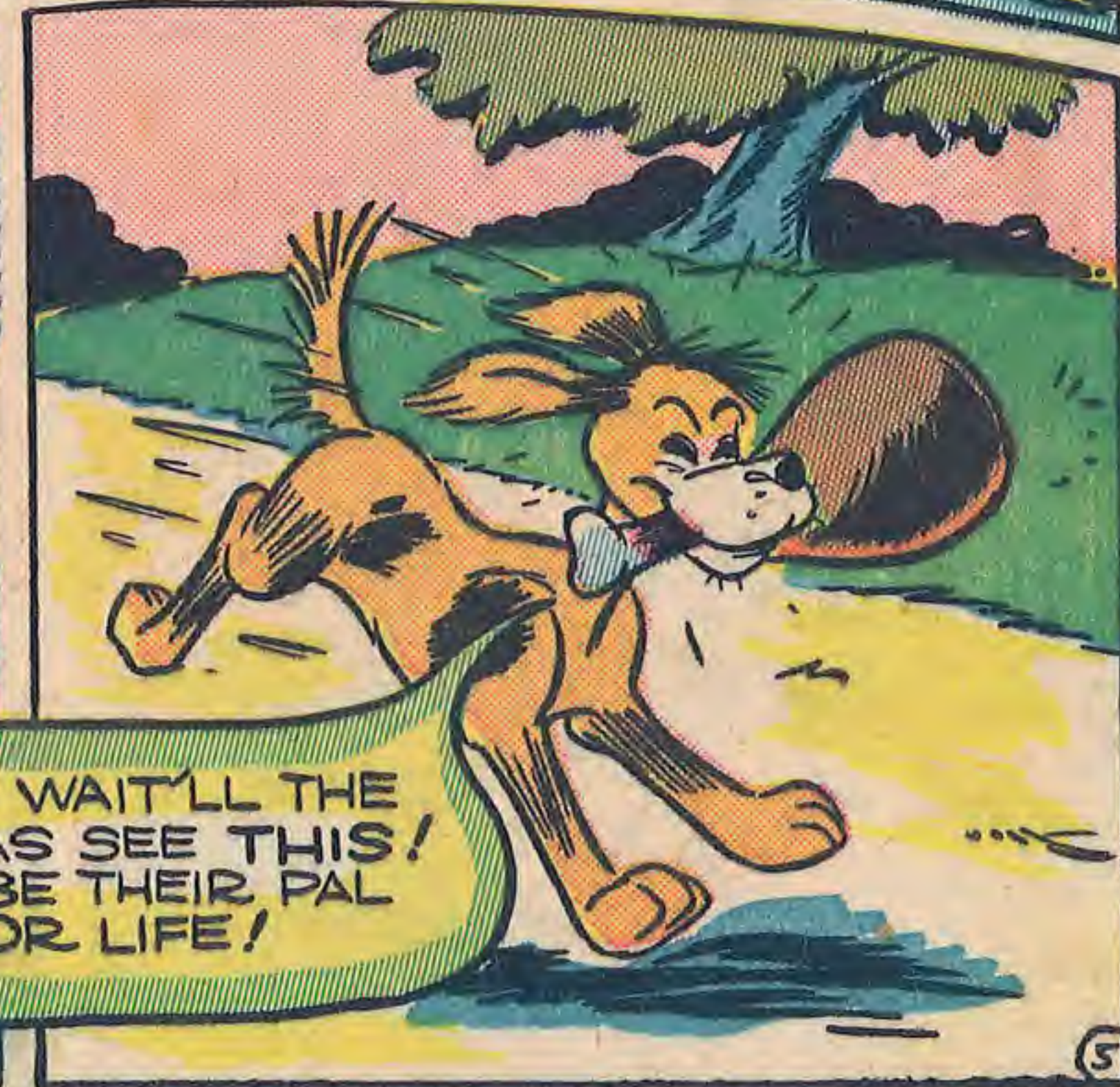
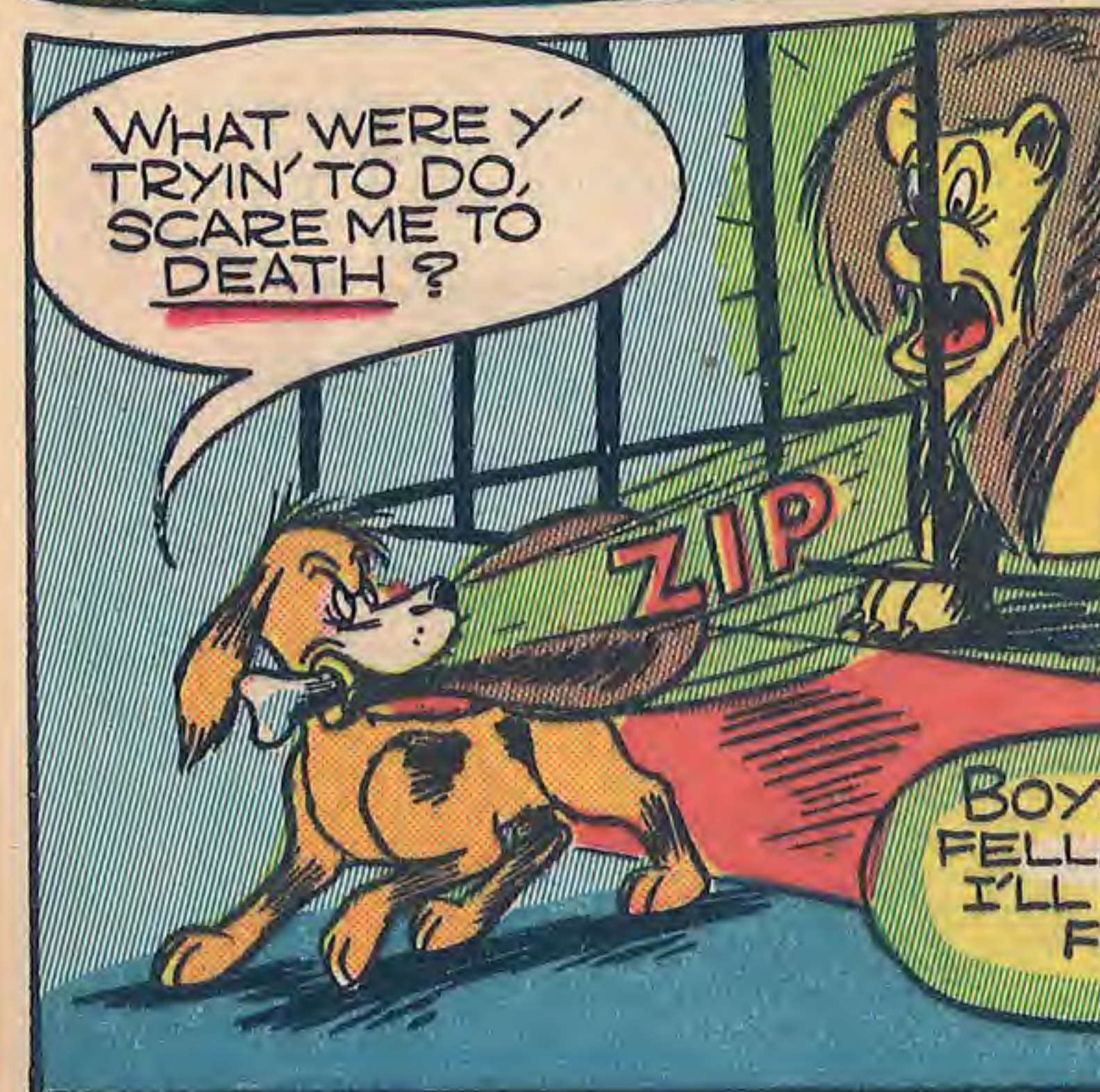
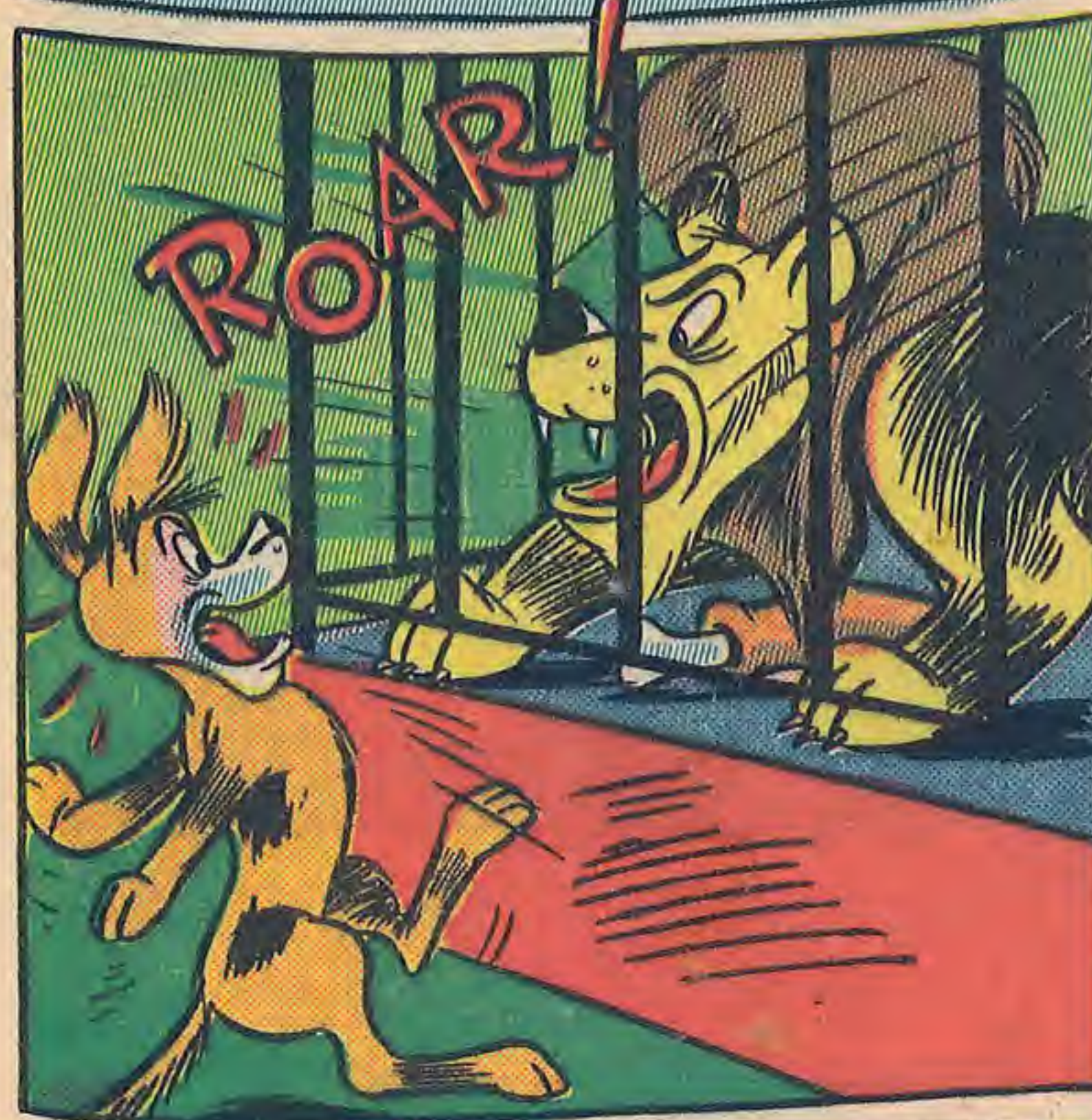


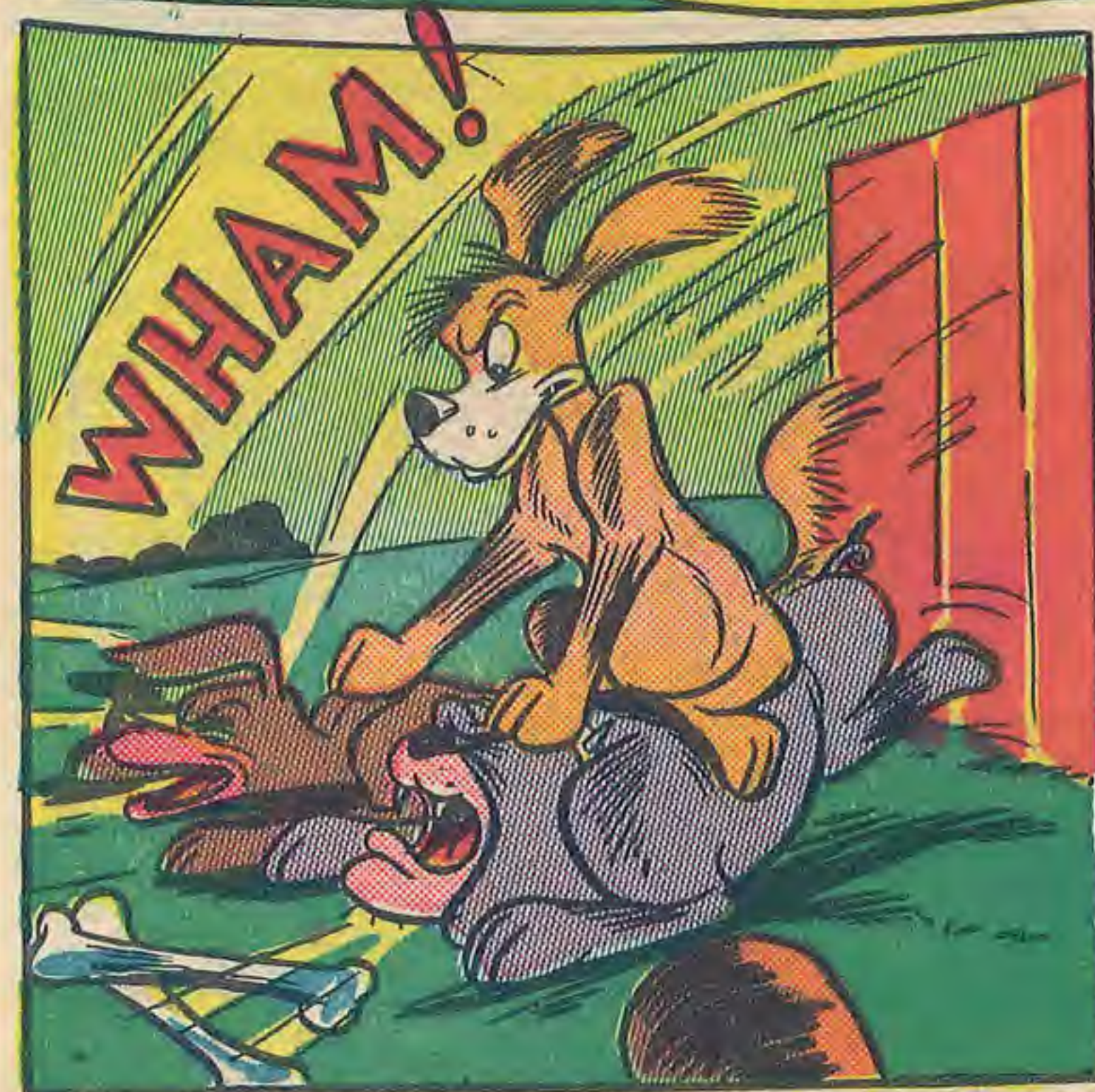
BUT HOW? I DON'T—SNIFF—SNIFF!



WOW! LOOK AT THAT! A HALFA BEEF AT LEAST!

DANGER!
STAY BACK
FROM CAGE!
LION
DANGEROUS!







LITTLE MORT MONK wanted more than anything else to become a policeman. He had studied criminology in all its forms—crime detection, fingerprinting, cross-examining, and so on. He had practised marksmanship with both a revolver and rifle. And he had built up his fighting strength and skill by boxing and wrestling whenever he got the chance.

But when he went to apply for an appointment as a policeman, Chief Collie took one look at him and shook his head. "I'm sorry!" the chief said. "You're just not big enough to become a policeman! There's nothing I can do for you! And that was that.

Miserably unhappy, with all his plans shattered, Mort stumbled out of the police station and wandered down the road. Suddenly he heard a siren screeching behind him, and a moment later a police car whizzed by and pulled up in front of the door of a quiet cottage.

"Why—that's where Sally Swan lives!" Mort said to himself excitedly. "What's happened?"

He rushed up to the door and heard pretty Sally telling Chief Collie and his officers: "I heard a sound in here and rushed into the room. But whoever was here had run away and taken my beautiful string of pearls!"

"Gosh!" thought Mort. "That's awful!" Sally's father had given her the

pearls for a birthday present, and she loved them more than anything else she owned!

The officers searched the house thoroughly for clues; then they examined the ground nearby. But they found nothing. The robber had disappeared without a trace!

"Don't worry, Miss Swan!" Chief Collie said as he and his men left. "We'll get your pearls back yet!"

Mort Monk frowned. That was easy enough to say—but hard to do. How could the robber have left without even a trace? It had rained heavily the night before, and he certainly should have left some footprints in the soft, muddy ground. But the police had found no sign of any footmarks!

On a hunch, Mort started looking around the house himself. On one side stood a clump of trees in a row, each one farther away from the house. The first tree stood about five feet from the house wall; the last one was about twenty feet away. Struck by a sudden idea, Mort looked carefully at the base of the furthest tree. There, sure enough, was a clear footprint!

He realized then what had happened. The robber had leaped from the roof of Sally Swan's house to the first tree, then worked his way from tree to tree until

he reached the last one, from which he had climbed down to the ground and walked off. And he'd come the same way!

The footprints were clear and easy to follow. As Mort went along, he saw that they were heading away from town. The only house in that direction belonged to Widow Foxx, who had moved in last month. Could it be that the robber had gone to make another raid, this time on the defenseless widow? Mort went ahead more swiftly.

In a moment, he reached the house belonging to Widow Foxx. The footprints went right to the back door! Not realizing that he might be trespassing, Mort walked in himself, and looked around. The house was poorly furnished, but a sturdy chest stood in one corner, locked.

The next moment, Mort jumped in fright as he heard a shriek. The Widow Foxx stood at the door, screaming. "Help—help! Police! A robber!"

Surprised, Mort realized she meant him! He tried to protest. "But—but I'm not——"

Then Patrolman Pupp came dashing in and grabbed him. "Trying to steal from this poor old woman, hey?" he snarled. "You're going down to Headquarters!" The officer turned to Widow Foxx. "You had better come along to tell the Chief what happened, Mrs. Foxx!" he said.

"I'll be glad to!" she replied.

Still protesting, Mort was dragged toward Police Headquarters. On the way, he saw a flower pot standing beside the road, and bent to pick it up. He had an idea, and the flower pot might come in useful!

At Headquarters, Mort told his story and Widow Foxx told hers. Chief Collie listened, and finally said: "I guess it's all just a mistake. But maybe this will

teach you not to go prying into police affairs, Mort Monk!"

Mort shrugged his shoulders, but said nothing. "I guess I'll go home now!" the Widow Foxx sighed, and started out. At the door she stepped into the flower pot Mort had dropped there, and almost fell. But she caught herself, and continued.

Excitedly, Mort ran to pick up the flower pot. He took one look at it, and ran after the Widow Foxx with a yell. In a moment he had caught her! Reaching out, he grabbed at her hair and pulled! It came off suddenly, and Mort gasped. "*Fleecy Fox!*" he cried. "*The notorious robber!*"

In a flash, Chief Collie and his officers had surrounded the fox, whom they recognized at once without his long gray wig. And seconds later, Fleecy Fox was behind bars in Chief Collie's escape-proof jail. The missing pearls were found, along with a lot of other stolen goods, in the locked chest, in the "Widow's" house.

"I guess I was all wrong about you!" the chief told Mort. "How did you recognize him?"

"I began to get suspicious," Mort answered, "when the footprints led right in through the door of the widow's house, instead of to a window, where a robber would be expected to go. So I dropped the flower pot in front of Headquarters, hoping 'she' would step into it by mistake. 'She' did, and I saw immediately that the footprint there was the same as the prints near Sally Swan's house. Obviously, then, the Widow was a fake!"

"Very clever!" the chief said admiringly. "You've proved to me that, size or no size, you'd make a good policeman! I'm going to forget the regulations—and I'm appointing you to the police force right now!"



PAXTON

PENGUIN

SOUTH
POLE PEST

LYNN KARP

PENGUIN
R.F.D.
ROUTE 13

AH, GOOD DAY,
BORIS! MAY I
BORROW A CLIP OF
FISH, PLEASE?

MAIL

B. BEAR
R.F.D.
ROUTE 13

NO! DOGGONE IT, YOU'VE BEEN SPONGIN' FROM THE NEIGHBORS LONG ENOUGH! FROM NOW ON, YOU CATCH YOUR OWN FISH!



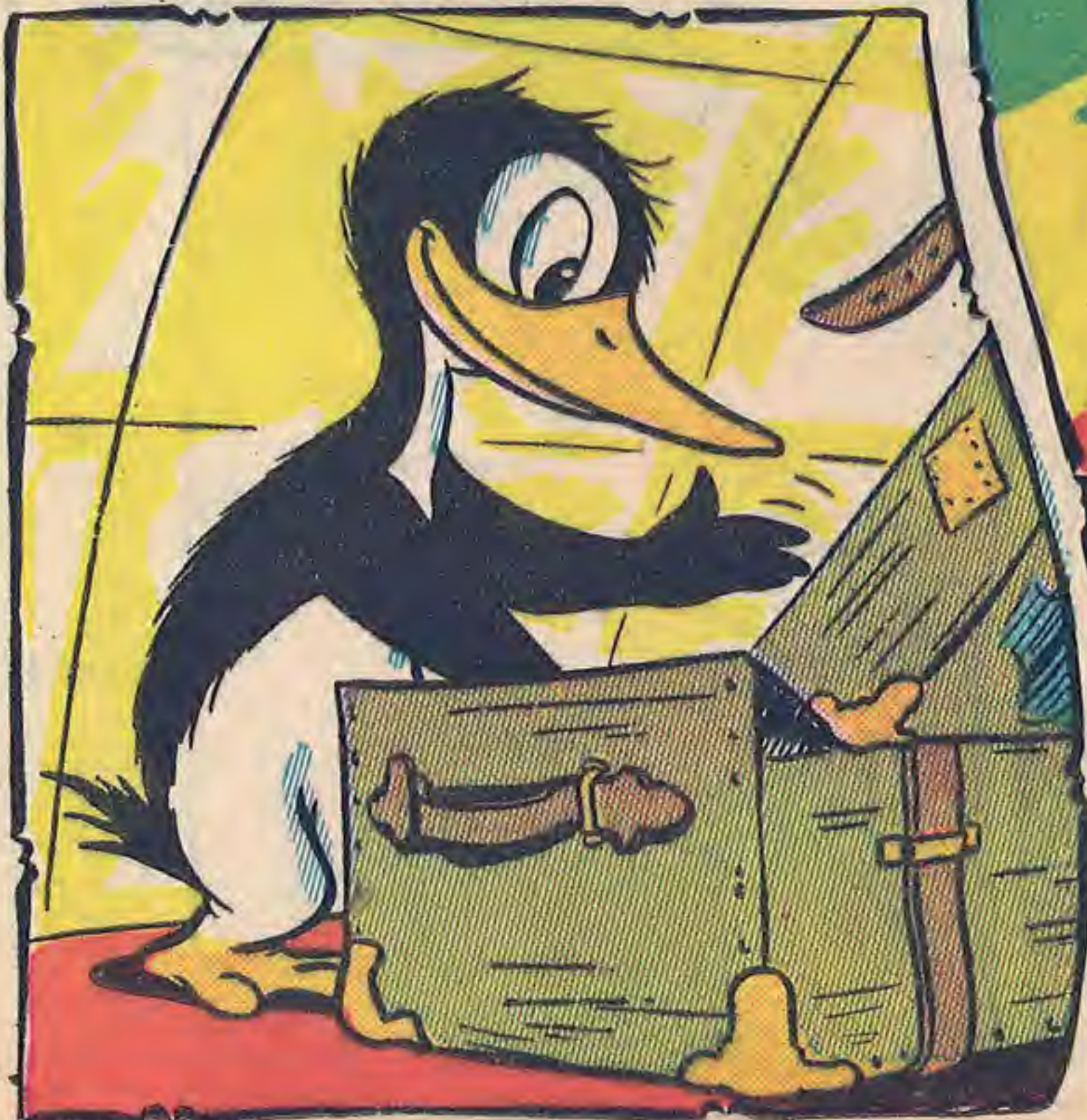
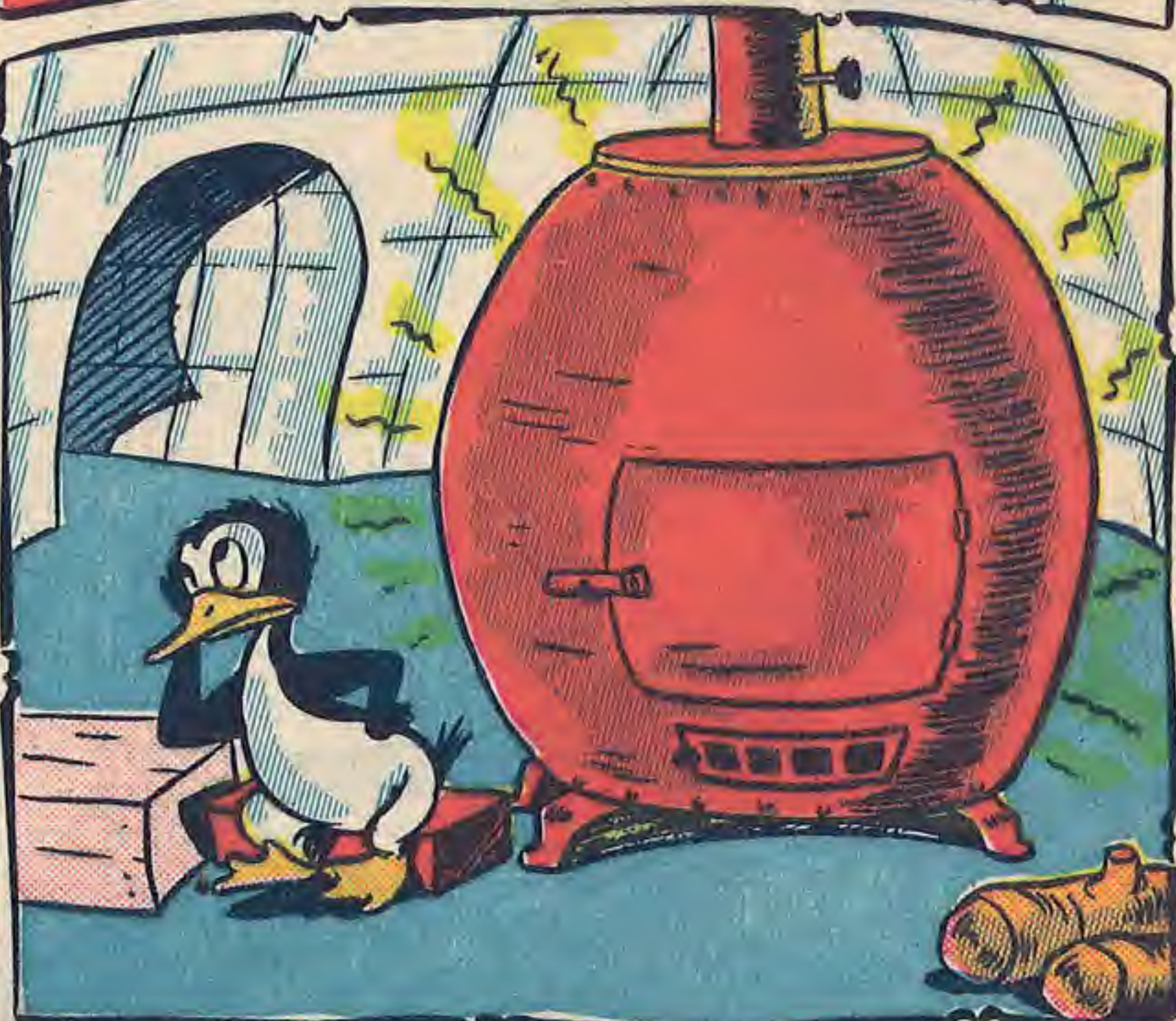
BUT BORIS, YOU KNOW I CAN'T STAND THAT ICY WATER- WHY I'D CATCH MY DEATH O' COLD!

OKAY GO HUNGRY THEN!



MAIL

P. PENGUIN
R.F.D.
ROUTE 13



MAIL

B. BEAR
R.F.
ROUTE

I'M THE INCOME TAX COLLECTOR
FROM THE BUREAU OF
ETERNAL REVENUE -
STAND ASIDE!



NOW, LET'S SEE! NO DEPENDENTS,
NO EARNED INCOME CREDIT
MINUS TEN FISH PLUS
SIXTEEN.....



THERE YOU ARE THAT LEAVES
YOU ONE WHOLE SARDINE!



KNOCK
KNOCK

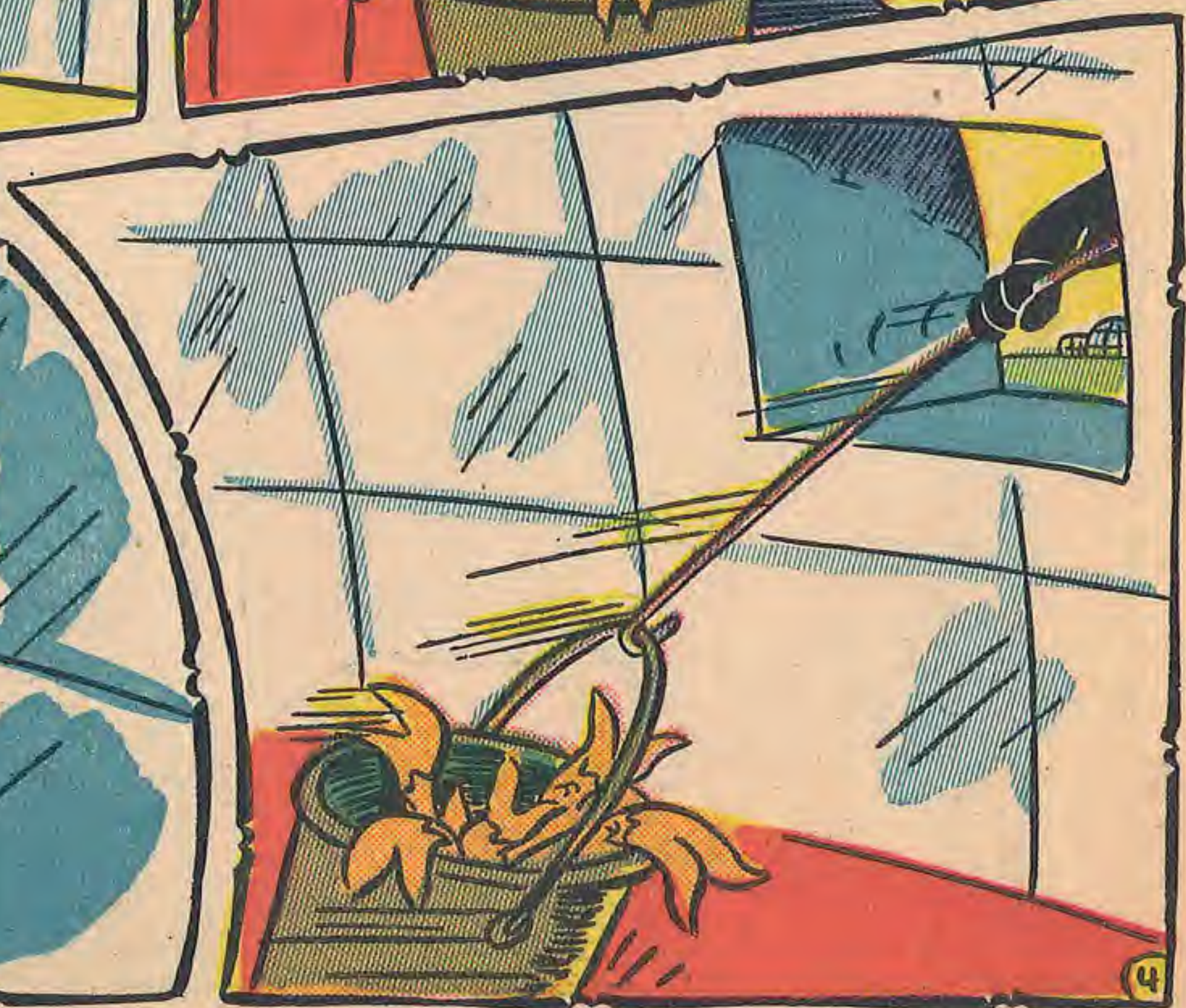
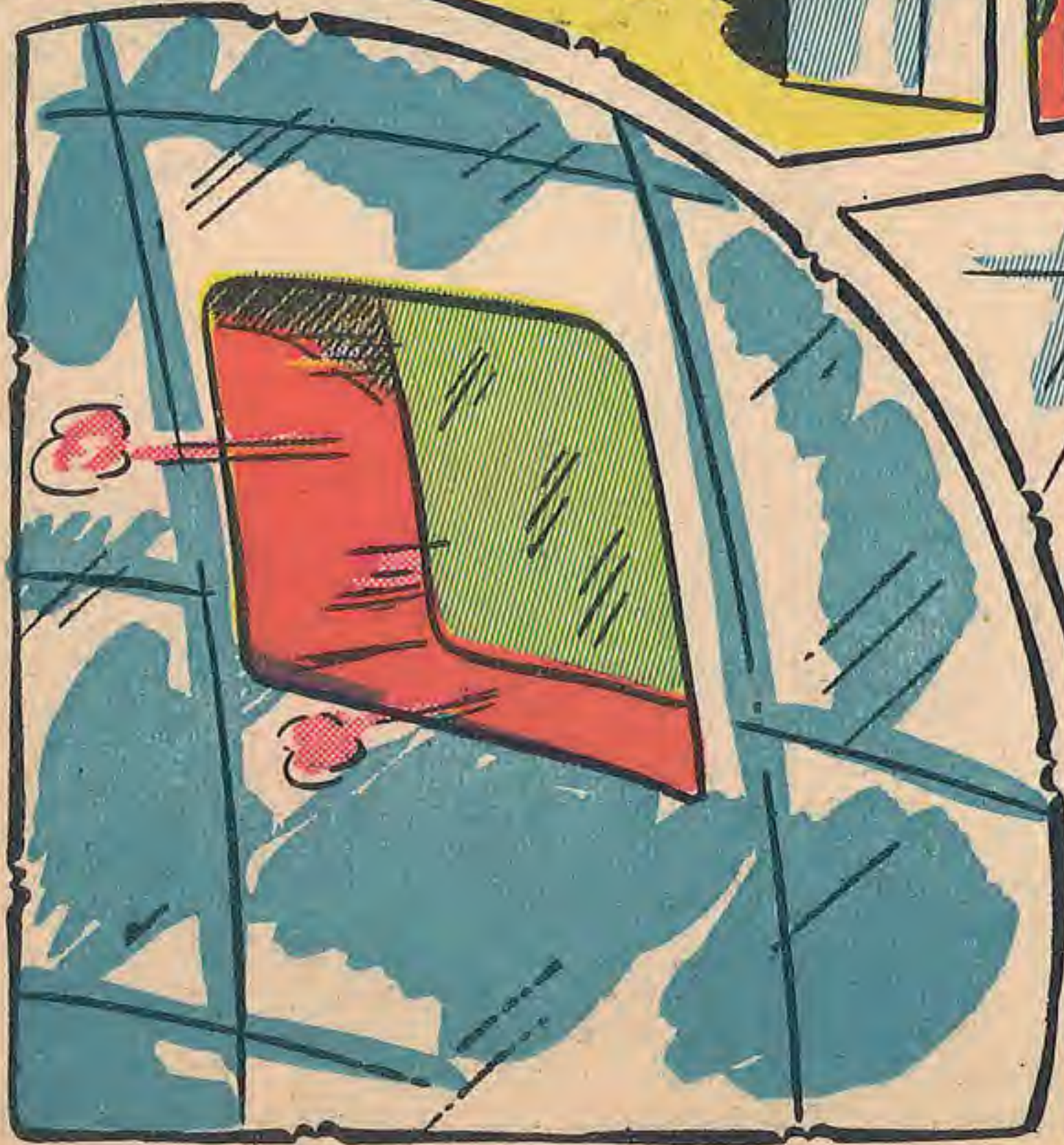
I'M FROM
THE BUREAU
OF INFERNAL
REVENUE -
STAND ASIDE!

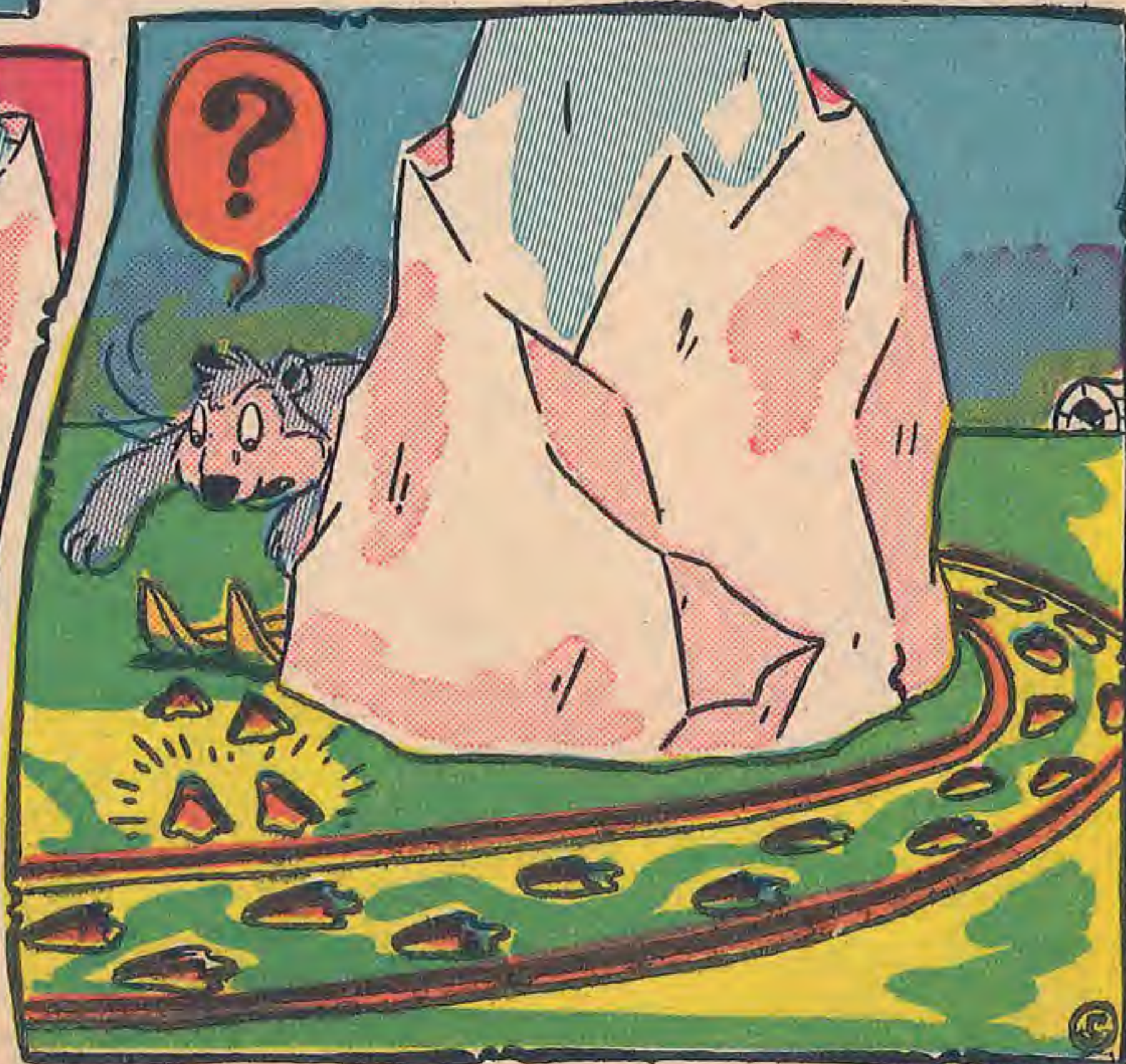
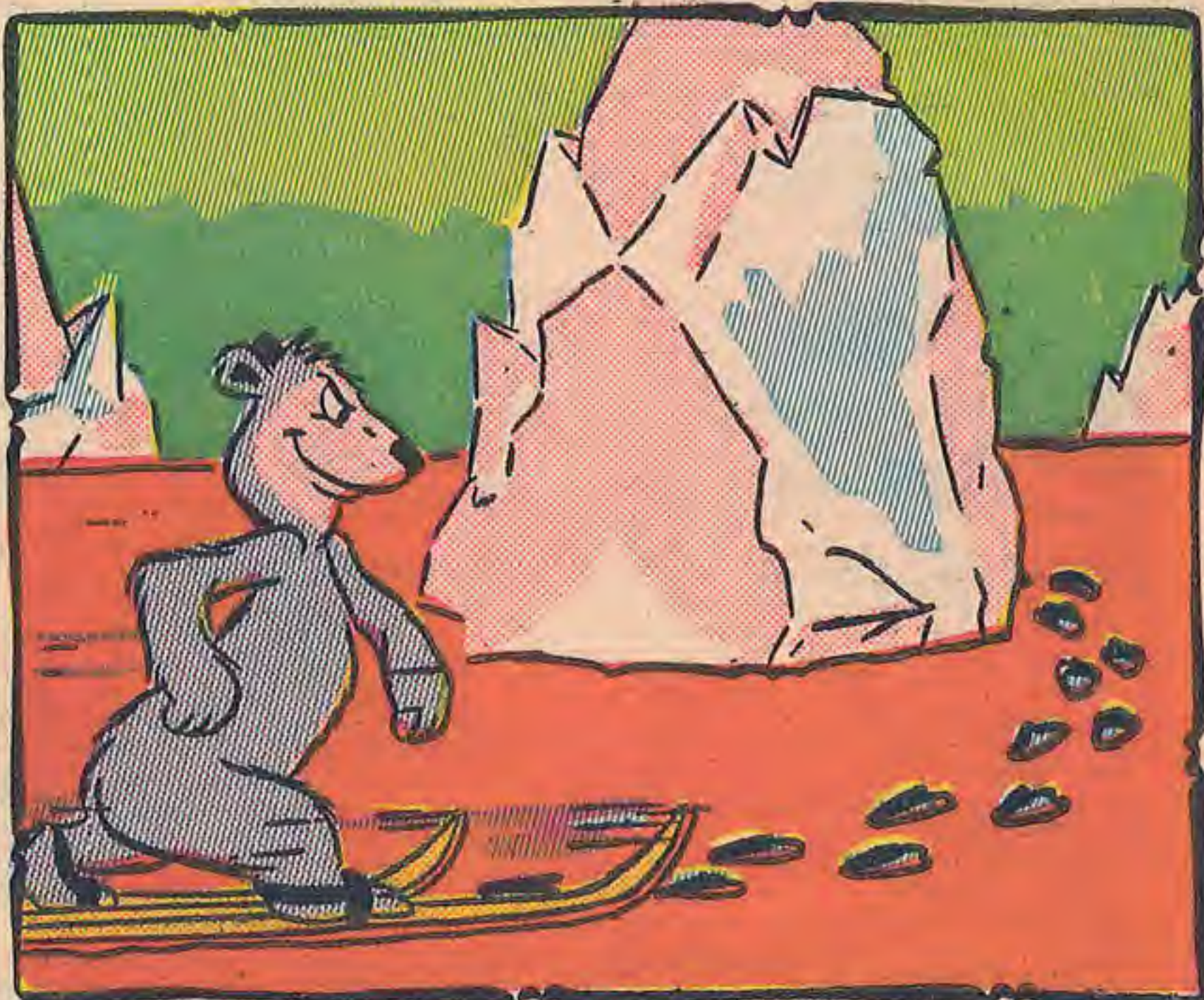


NO CONTRIBUTIONS, THAT'LL COST YOU SIX, PLUS 20 PER CENT, MINUS WHAT YOU OWE BORIS BEAR, PLUS -



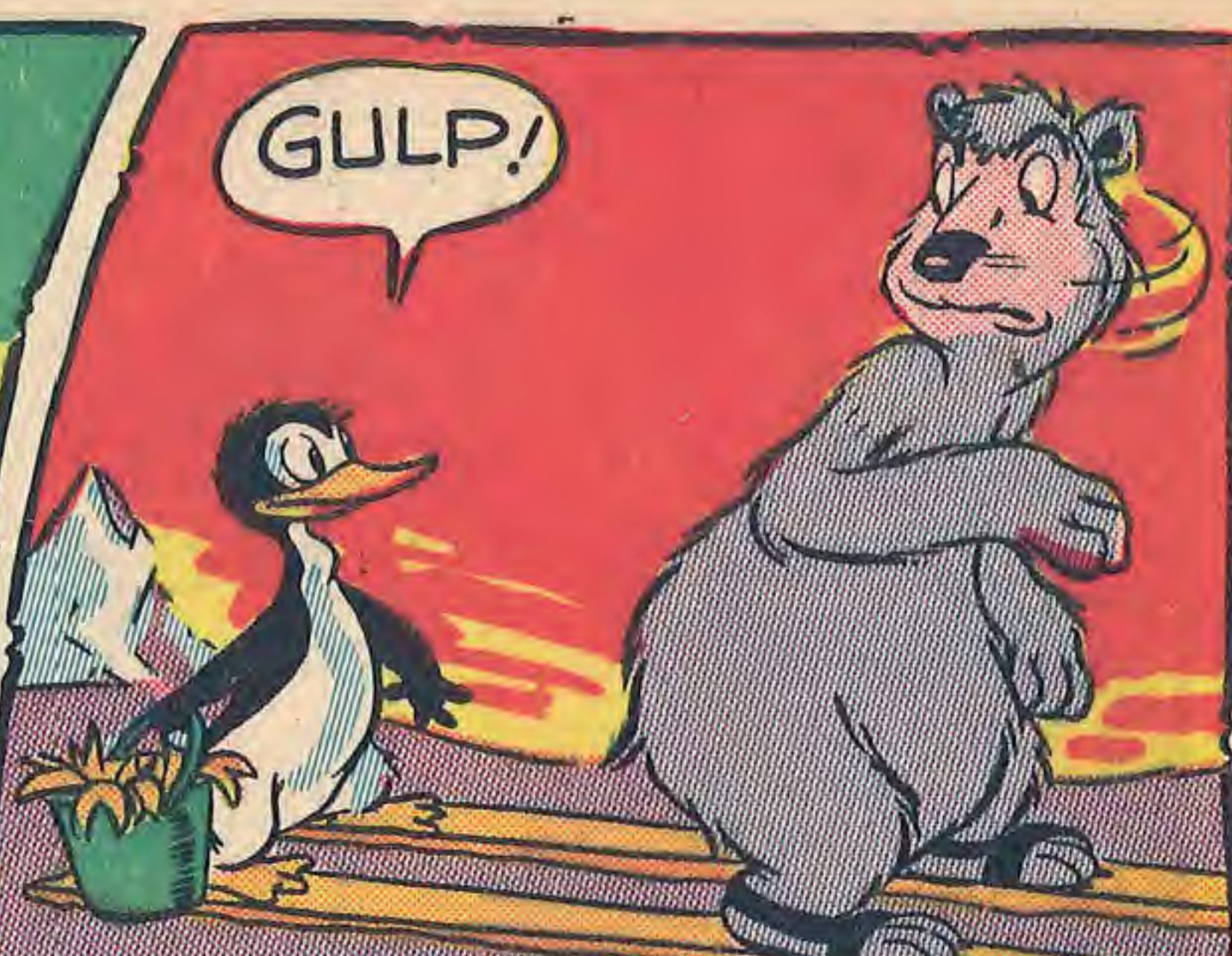
-THIS ONE, MAKES YOU COME OUT JUST EVEN!





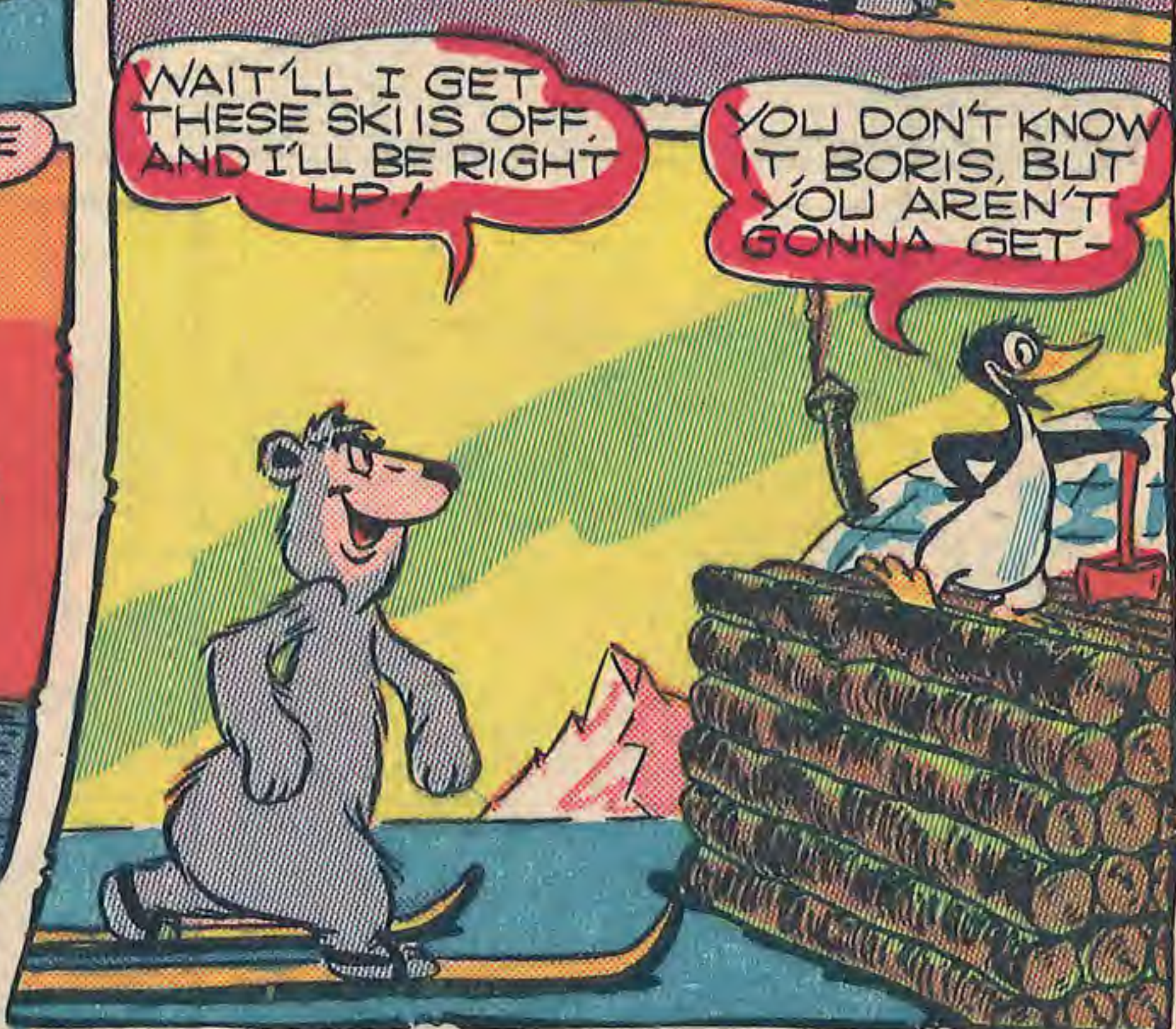


THERE'S NO USE RUNNIN'!
I CAN FOLLOW YOU ANY PLACE
Y' GO!

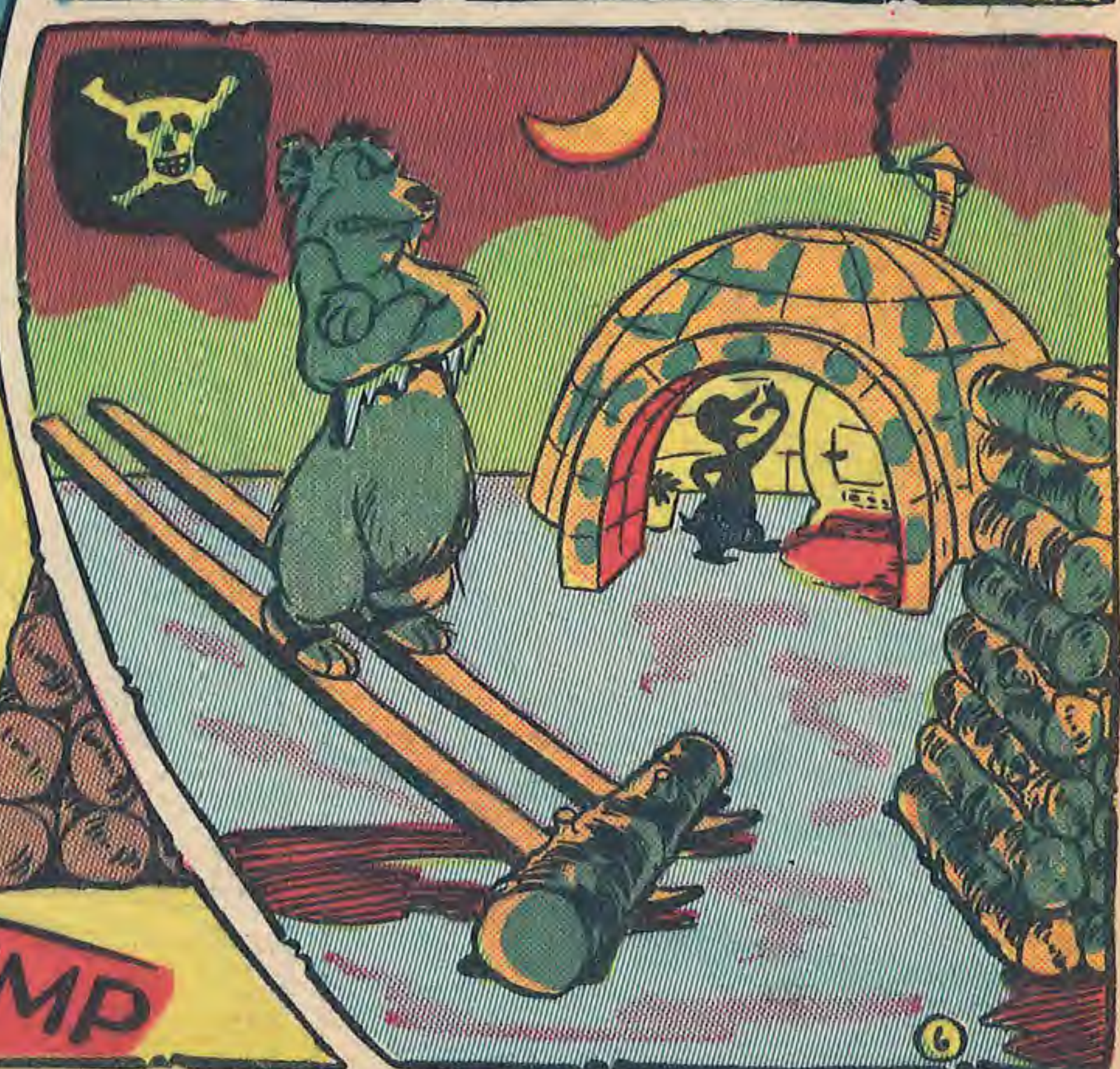


WAIT'LL I GET
THESE SKIS OFF,
AND I'LL BE RIGHT
UP!

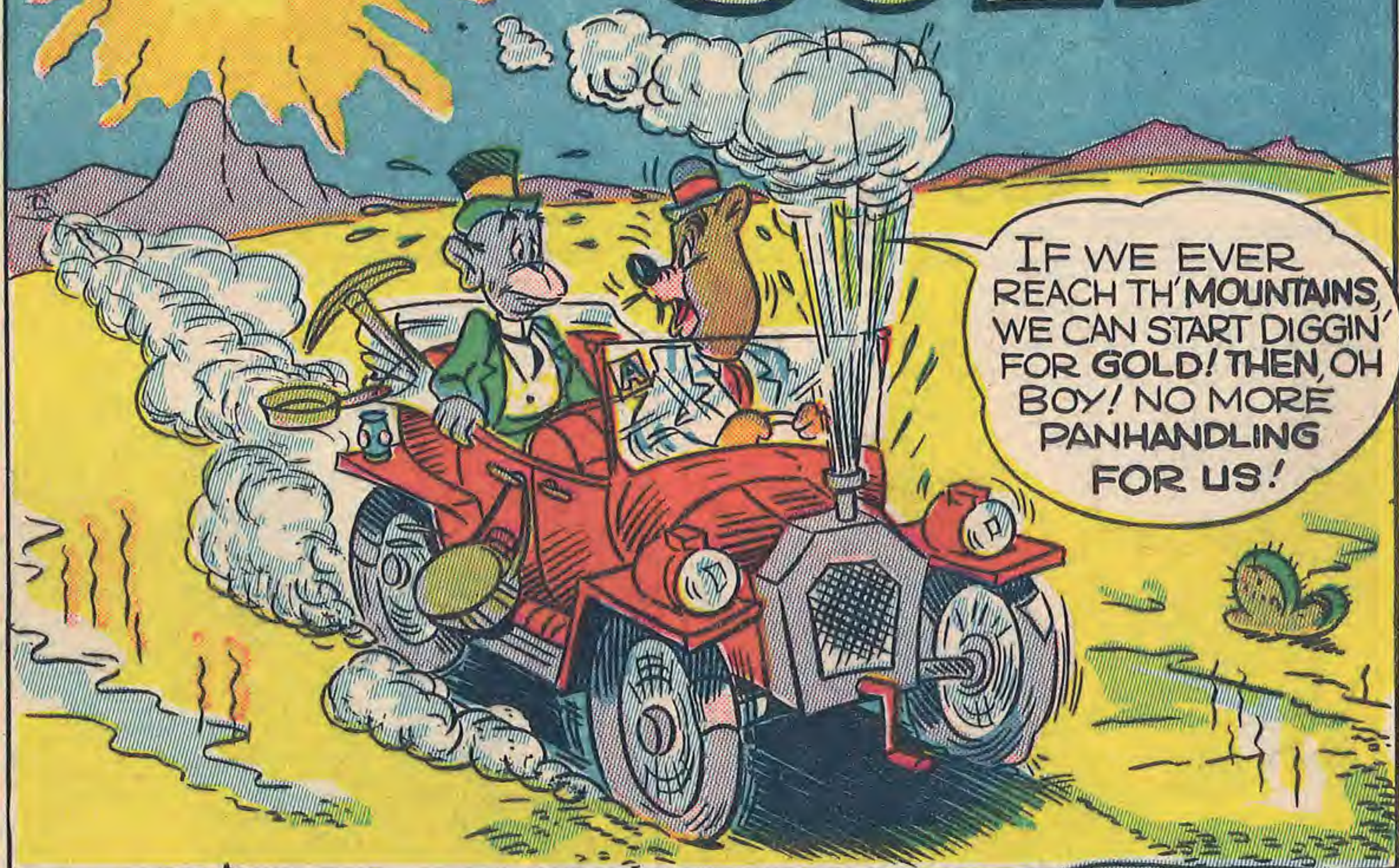
YOU DON'T KNOW
IT, BORIS, BUT
YOU AREN'T
GONNA GET-

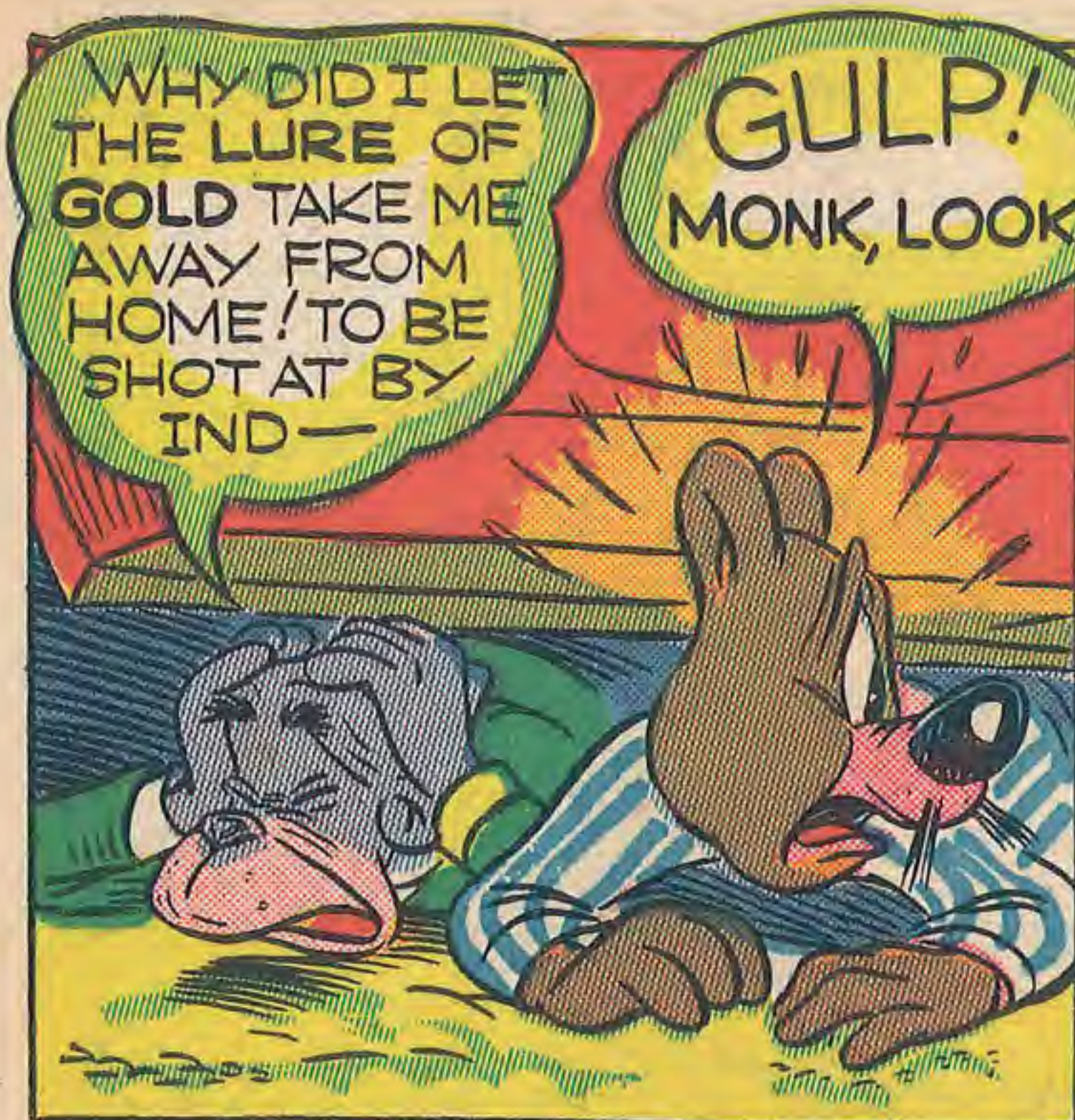


--THOSE SKIS OFF!



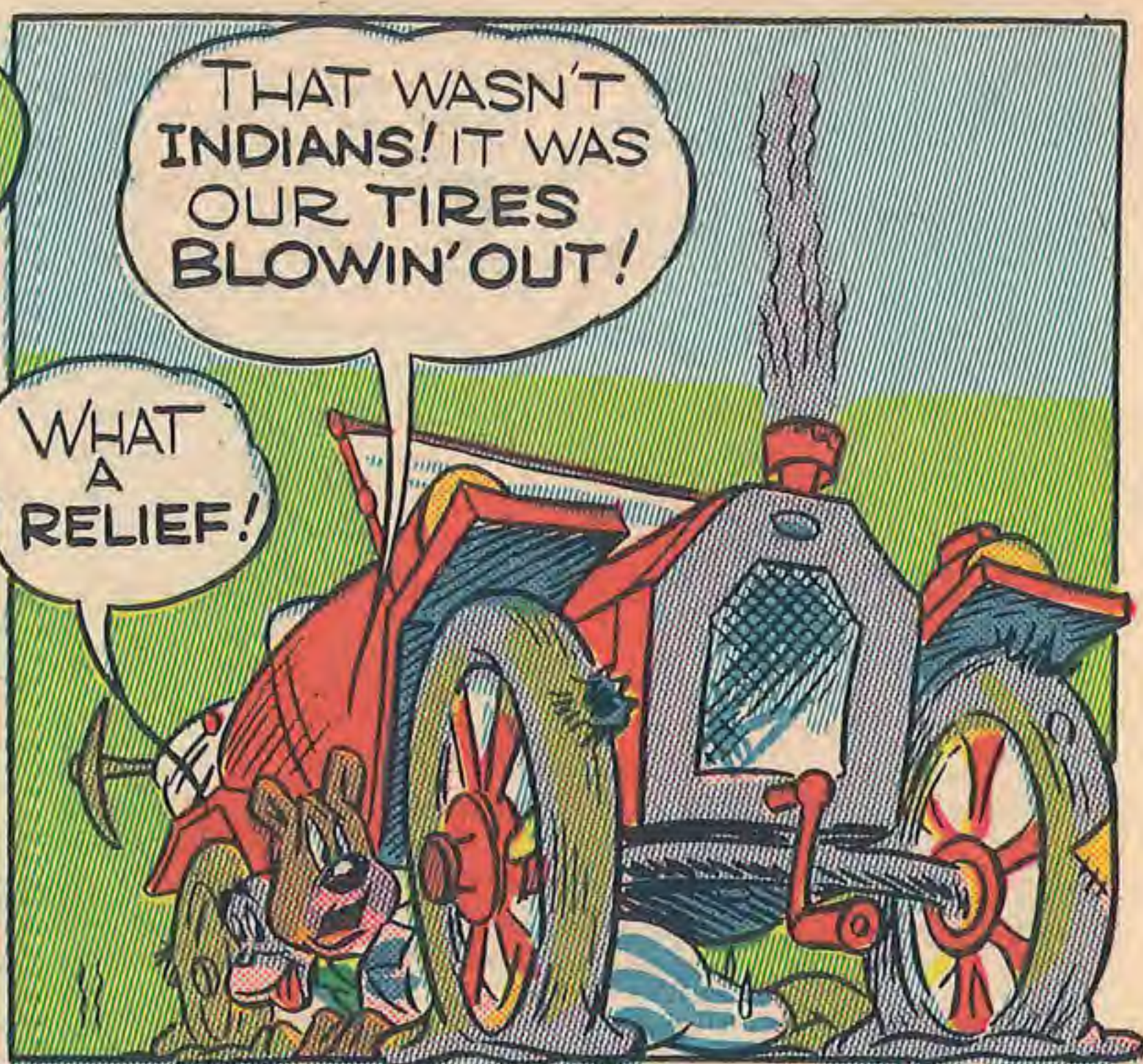
DESERT GOLD





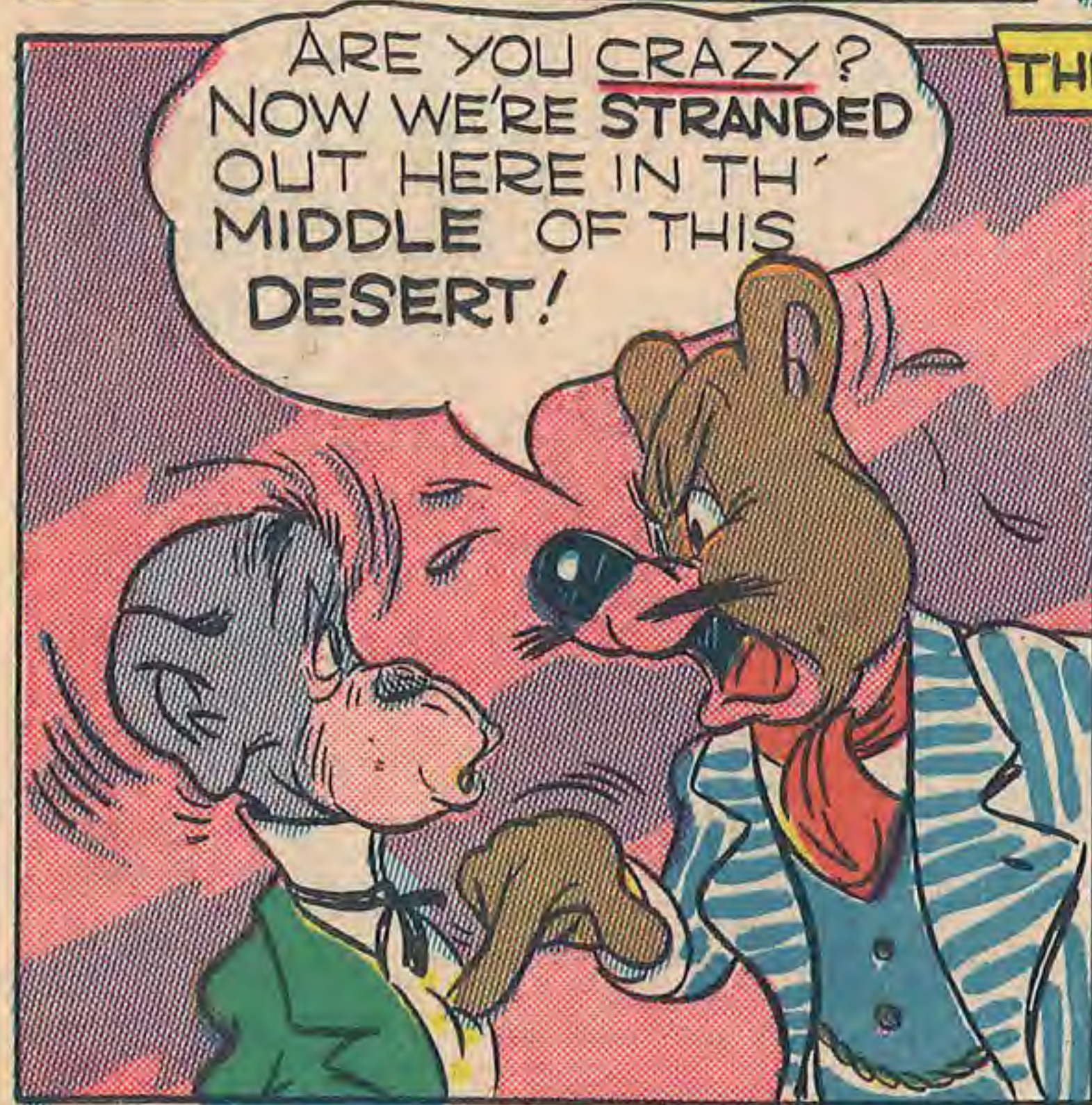
WHY DID I LET
THE LURE OF
GOLD TAKE ME
AWAY FROM
HOME! TO BE
SHOT AT BY
IND —

GULP!
MONK, LOOK!



THAT WASN'T
INDIANS! IT WAS
OUR TIRES
BLOWIN' OUT!

WHAT
A
RELIEF!



ARE YOU CRAZY?
NOW WE'RE STRANDED
OUT HERE IN TH'
MIDDLE OF THIS
DESERT!

THREE HOURS LATER —



THOSE MOUNTAINS
STILL LOOK JUST
AS FAR AWAY!



GLUG!
GURGLE!
AH!
GLUG!
GLUG!

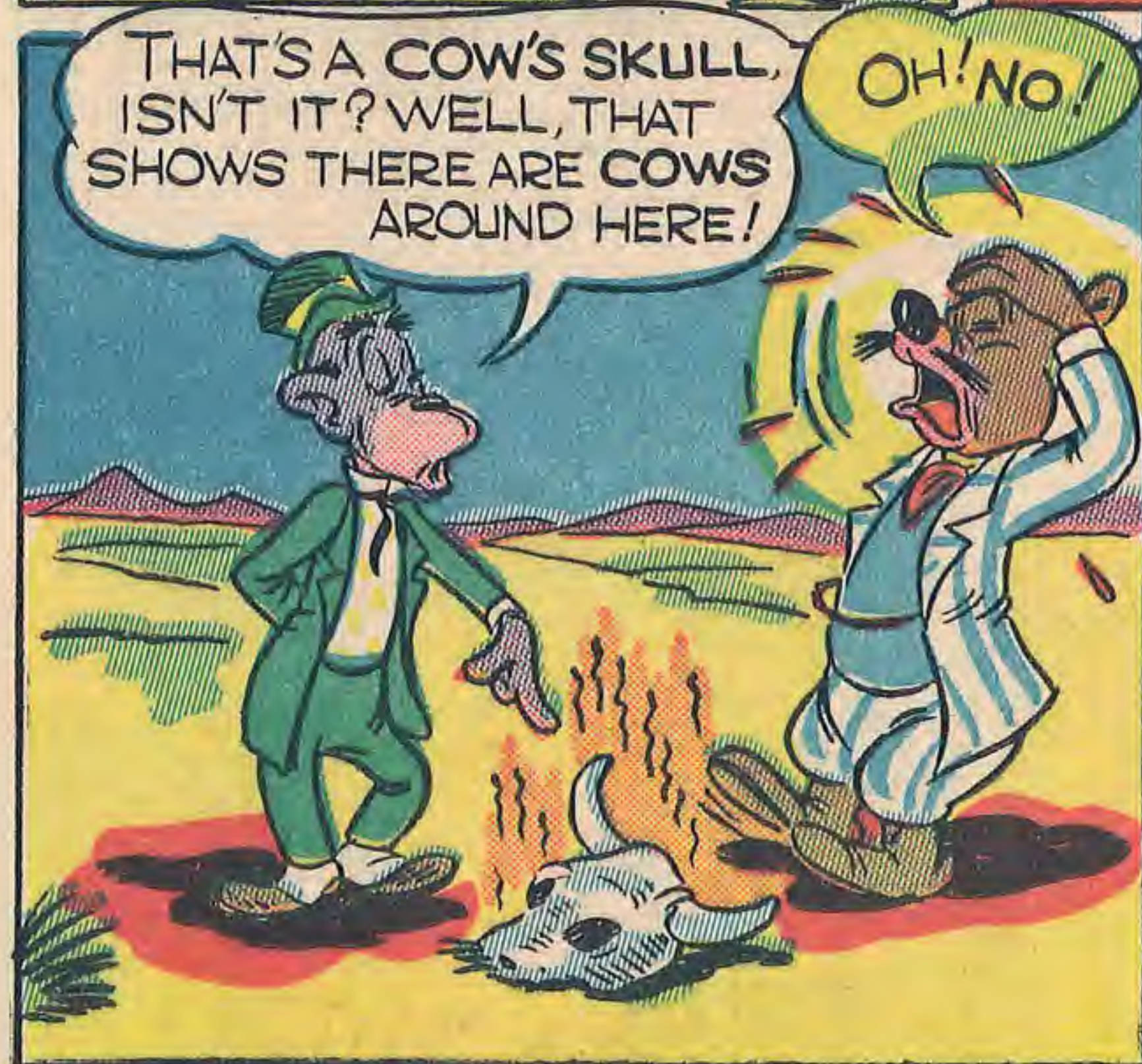
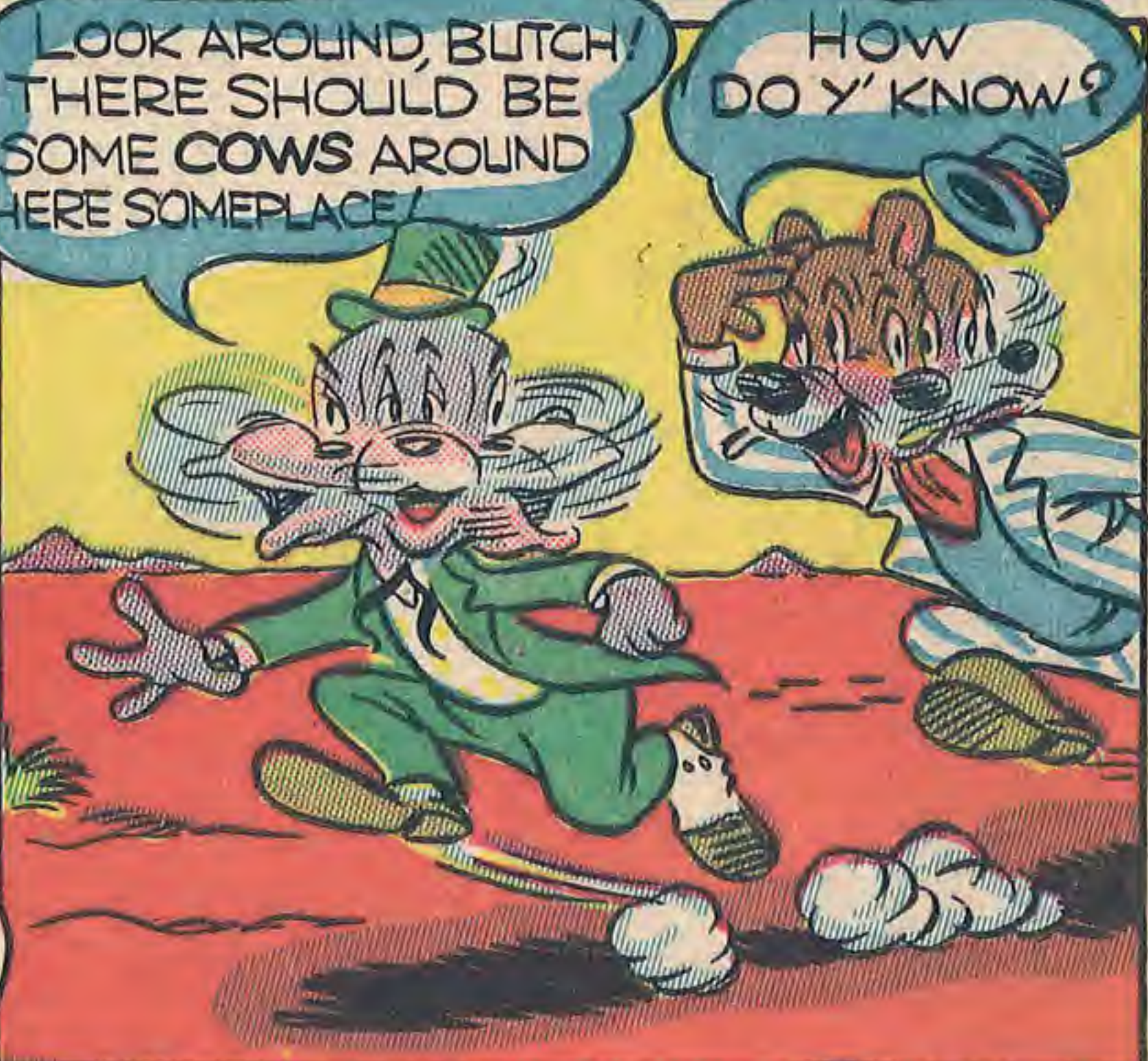
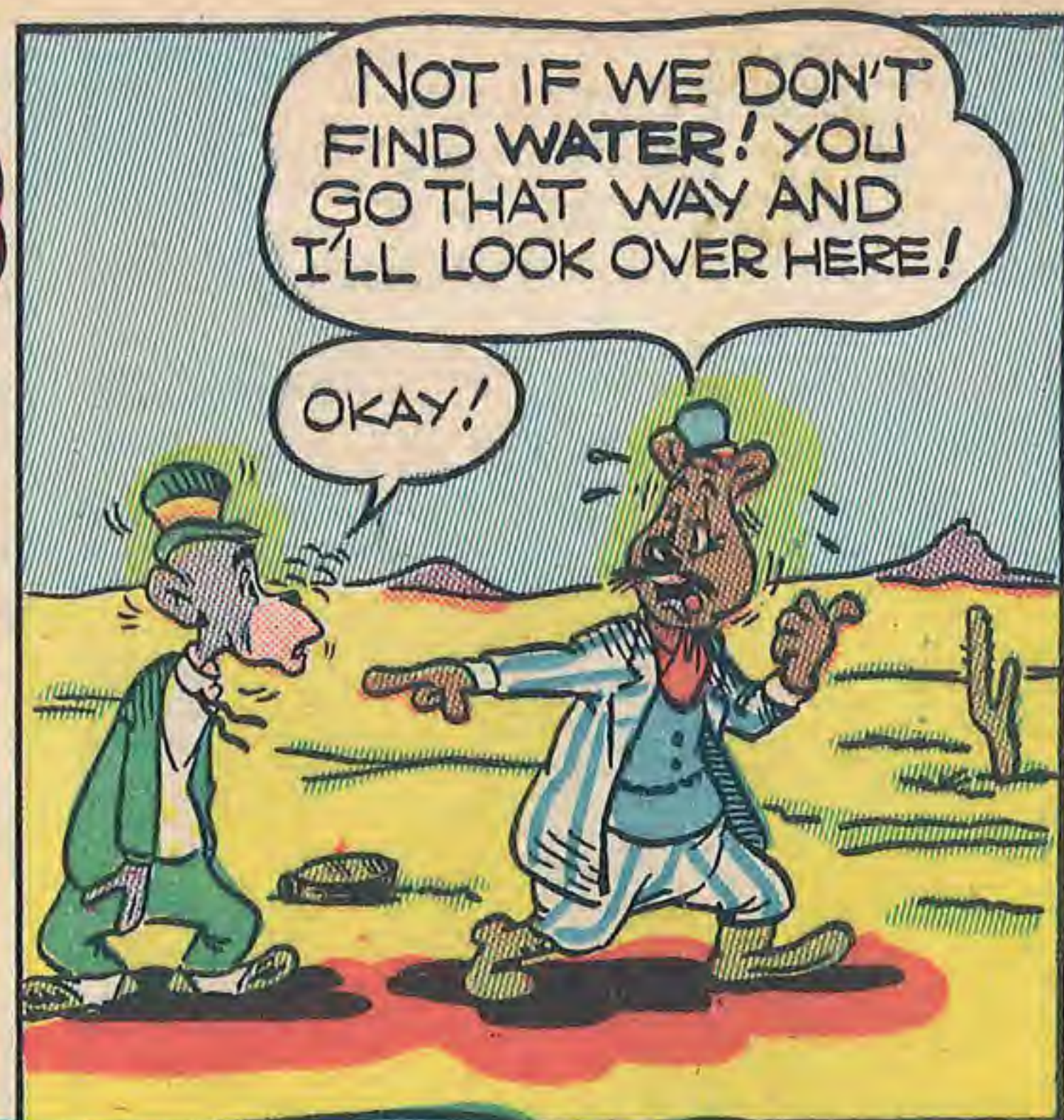
?

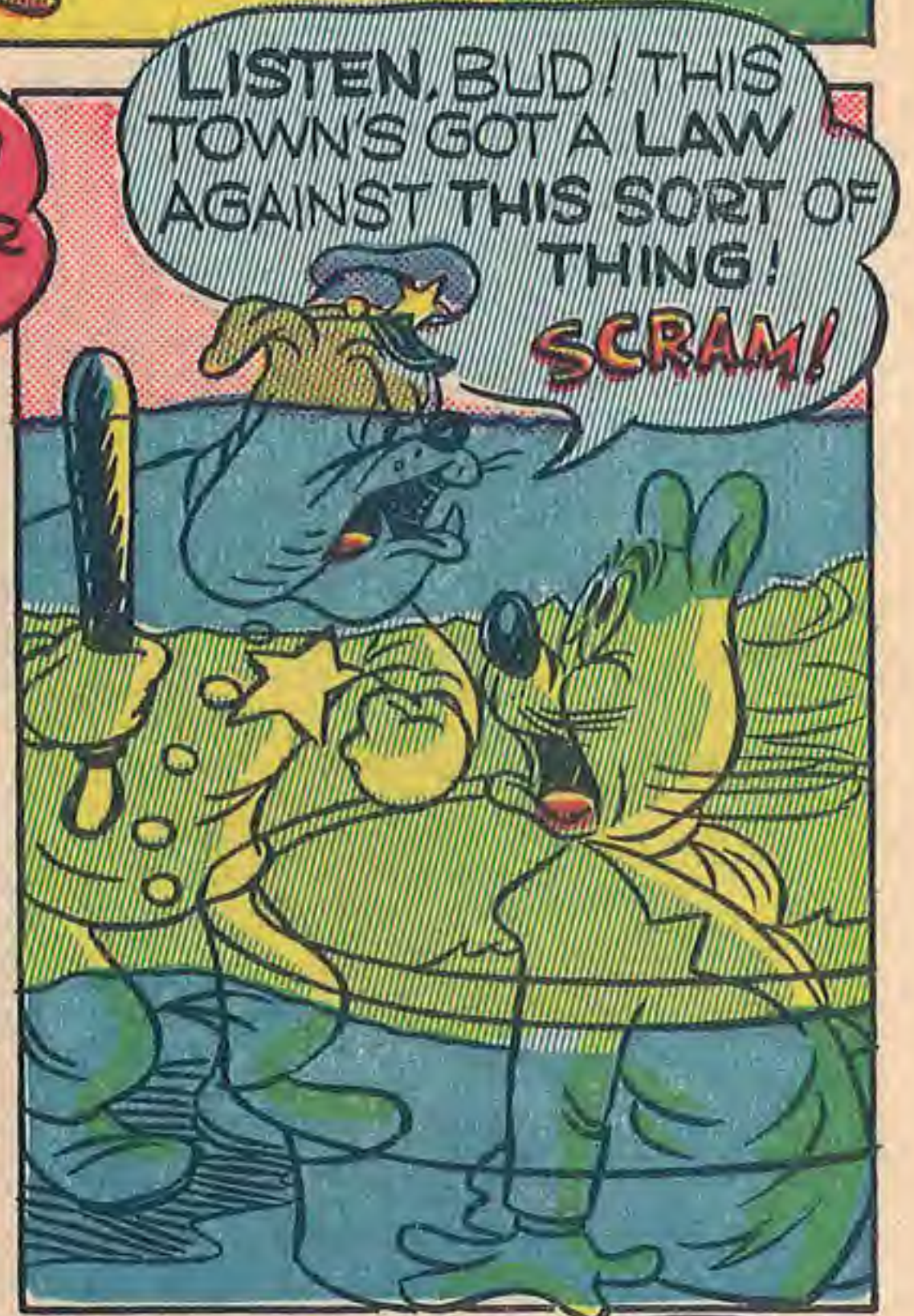
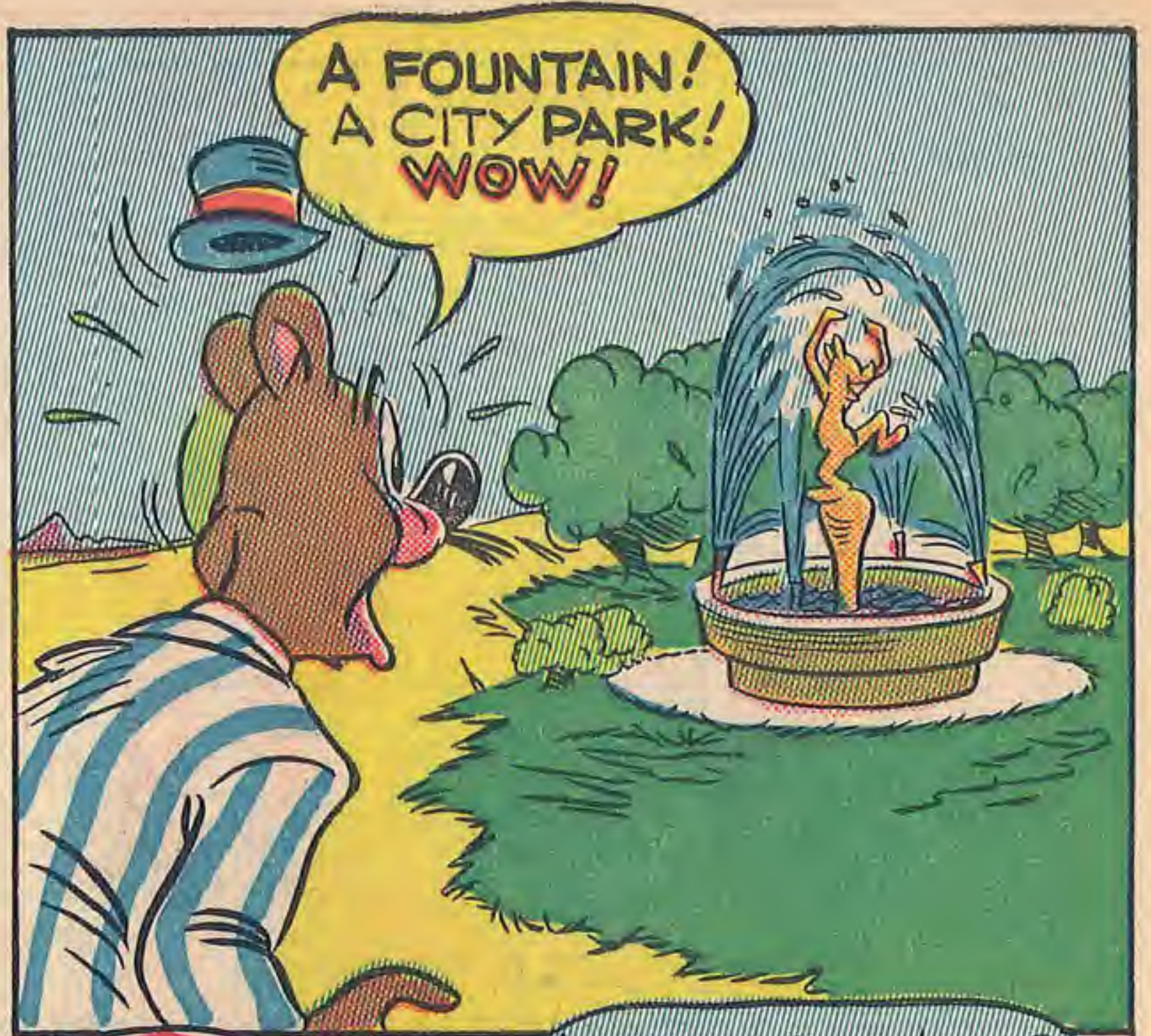
SPLASH!



YIPPIE!

OUR
WATER!





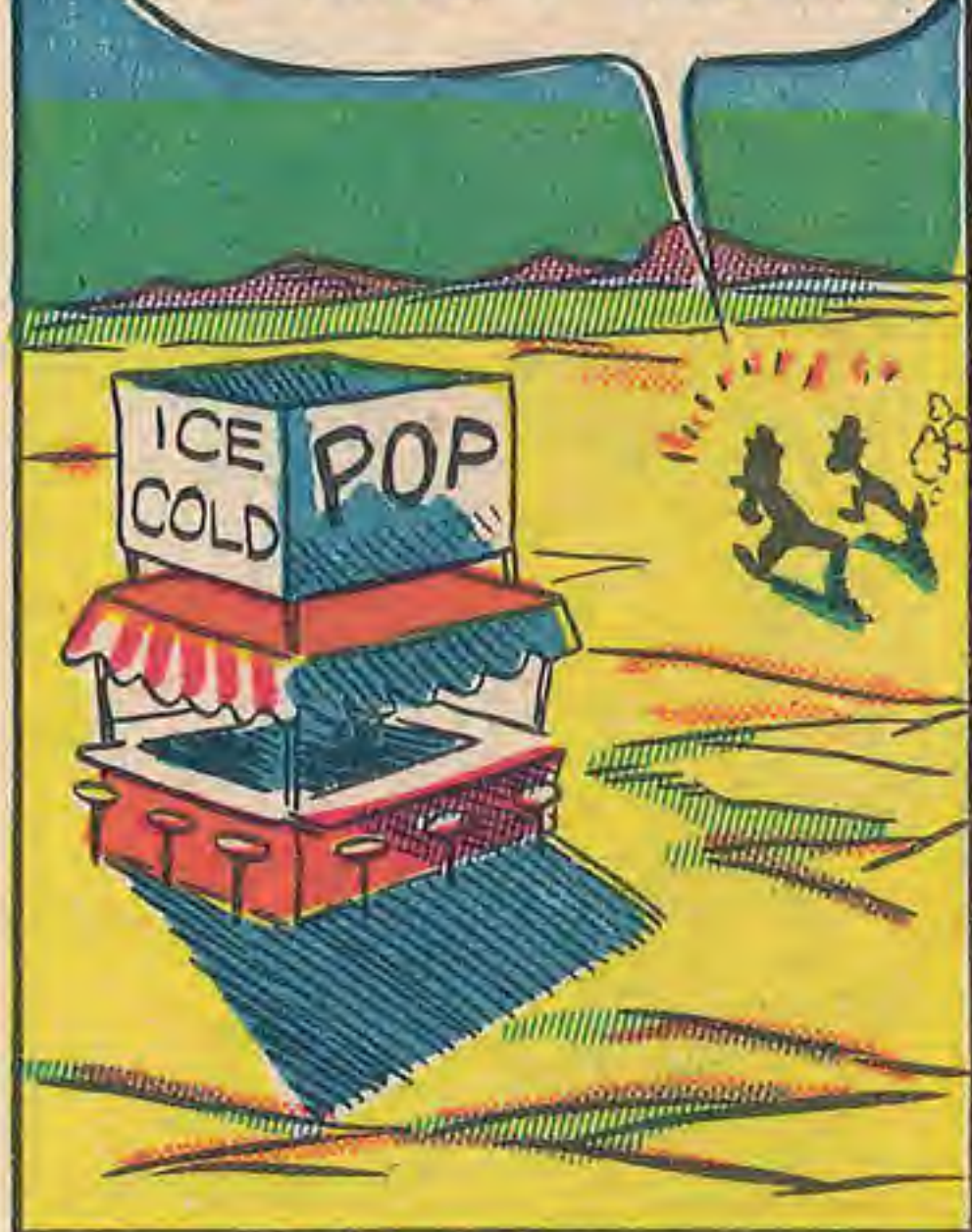
— BUT THE FELLER
RUNNIN' TH' SODA
POP STAND SAID
THERE'S ONE ABOUT
90 MILES FROM
HERE!



Y' DOPE! SODA
POP IS GOOD
T' DRINK, OR DIDN'T
YOU KNOW?



THANK GOODNESS
WE WERE ABLE
TO FIND IT AGAIN!



TWO
BOTTLES OF
STRAWBERRY!

HERE
Y' ARE! THAT'LL
BE TWENTY-FIVE
DOLLARS A PIECE!



TWENTY-FIVE
DOLLARS? GULP!
ER--I'LL TAKE A
GLASS OF WATER!



WATER!
IF I HAD ANY
WATER, IT WOULD
BE FIFTY
DOLLARS!

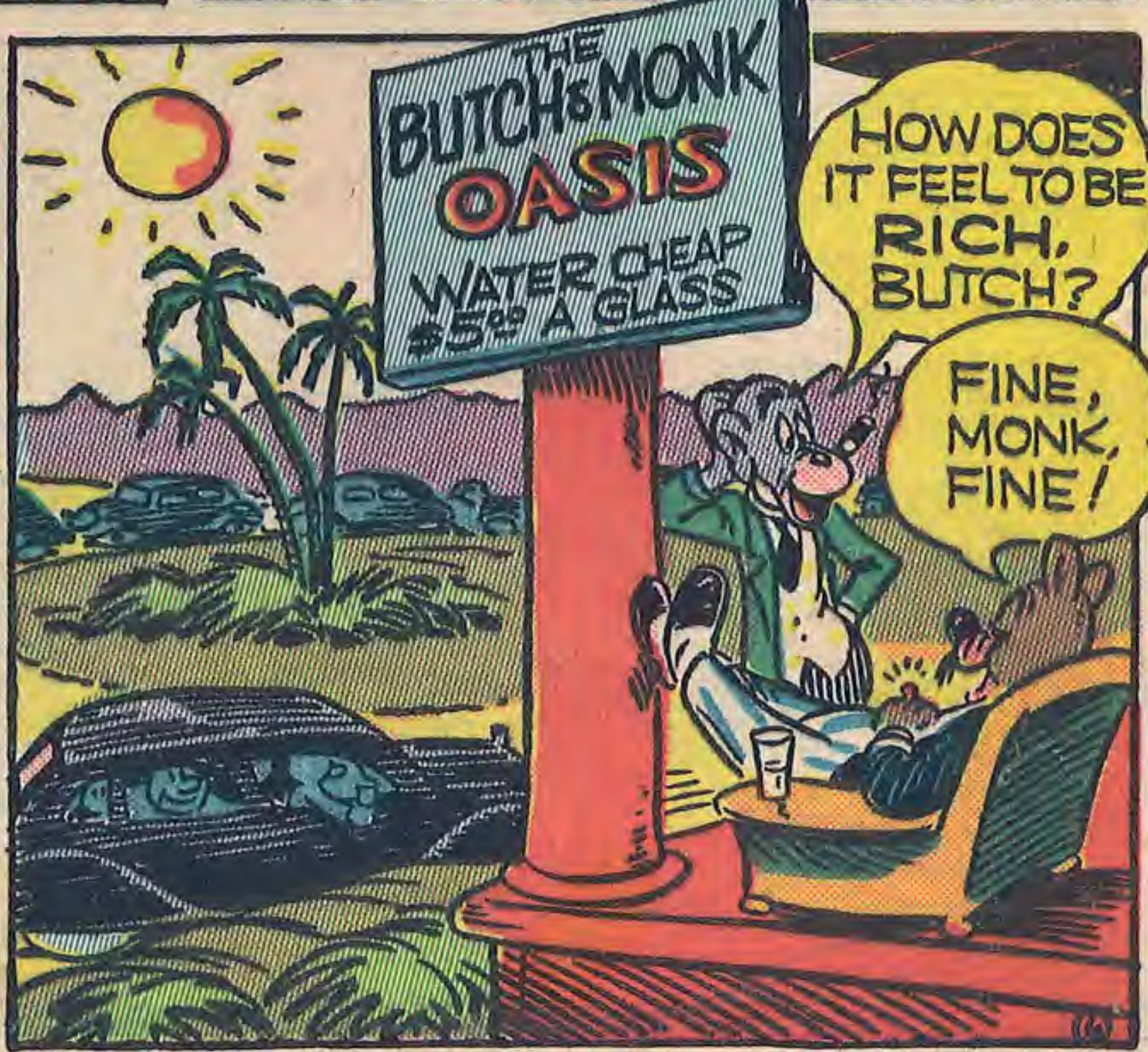
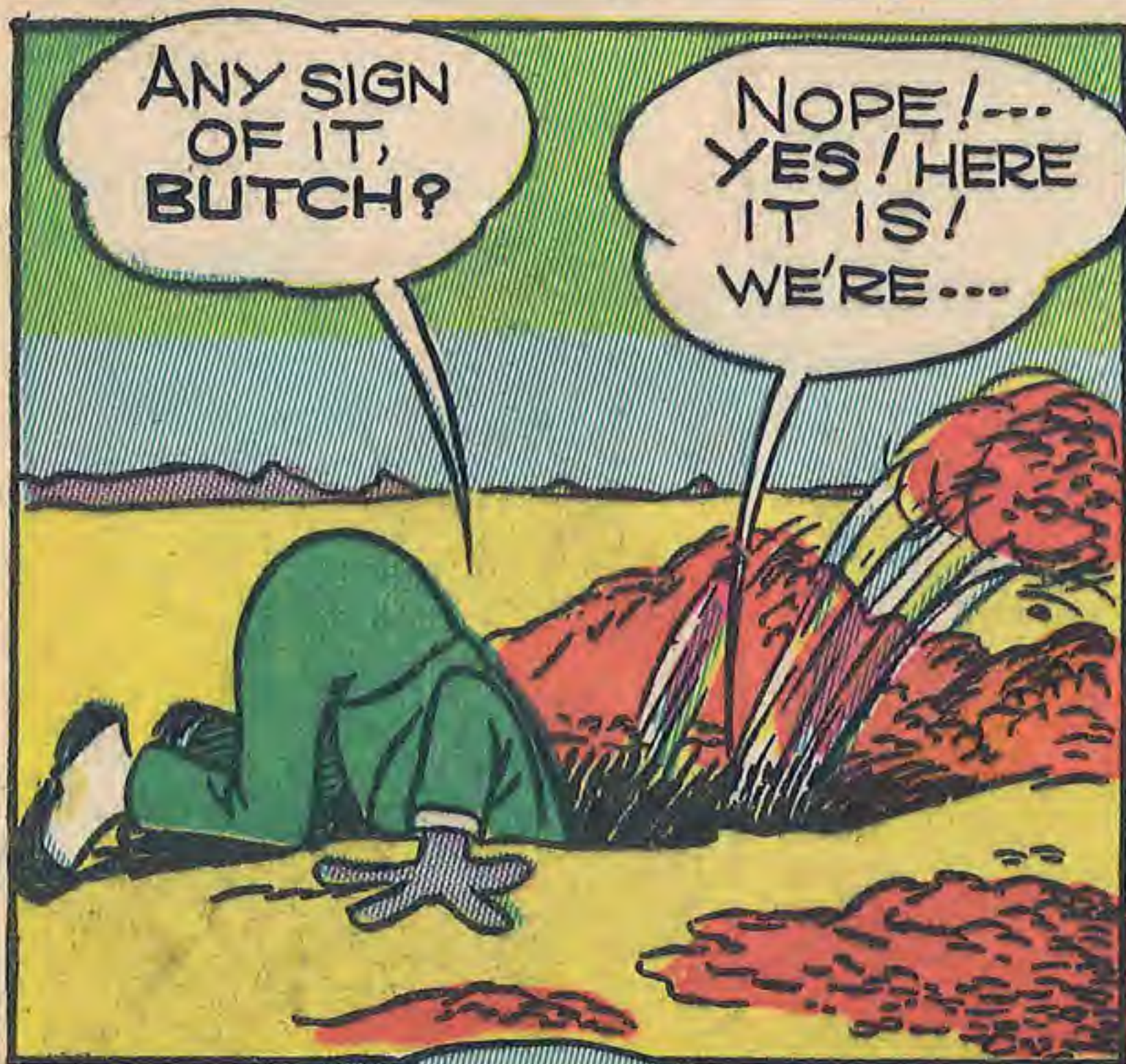
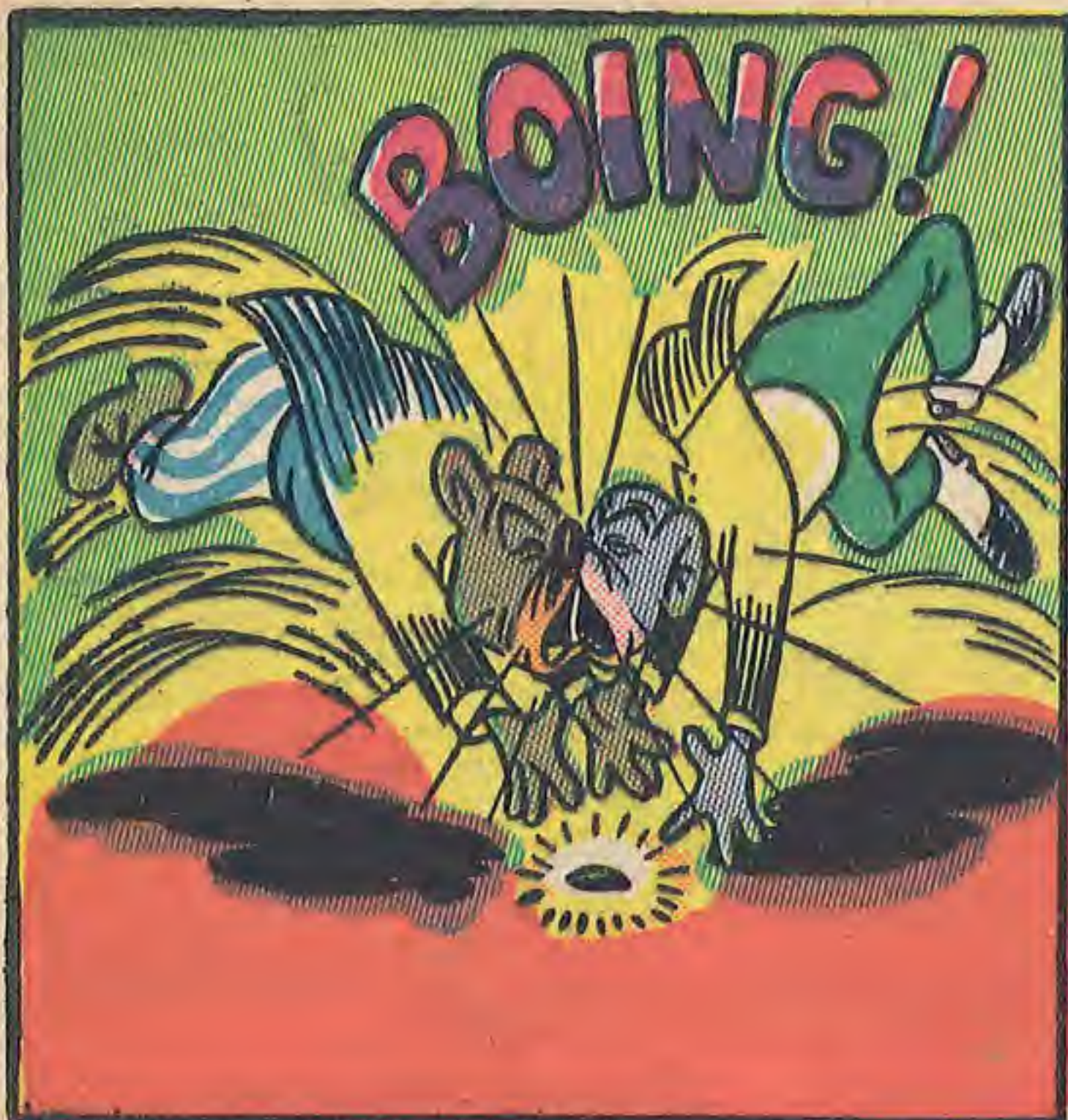
IF WE'D
ONLY HAD FIFTY
BUCKS! WE
COULD HAVE
LIVED AWHILE!



OUR DREAMS
OF WEALTH
GONE! IN FACT, WE
AREN'T EVEN GOIN'
TO DREAM LONG!

BUTCH! LOOK!
A GOLD NUGGET!





BOBBY'S SCHOOLTIME BLUES

SCHOOLHOUSE



WHAZZAT? THE
TELEPHONE? I'LL
ANSWER IT!

RING-G-G!

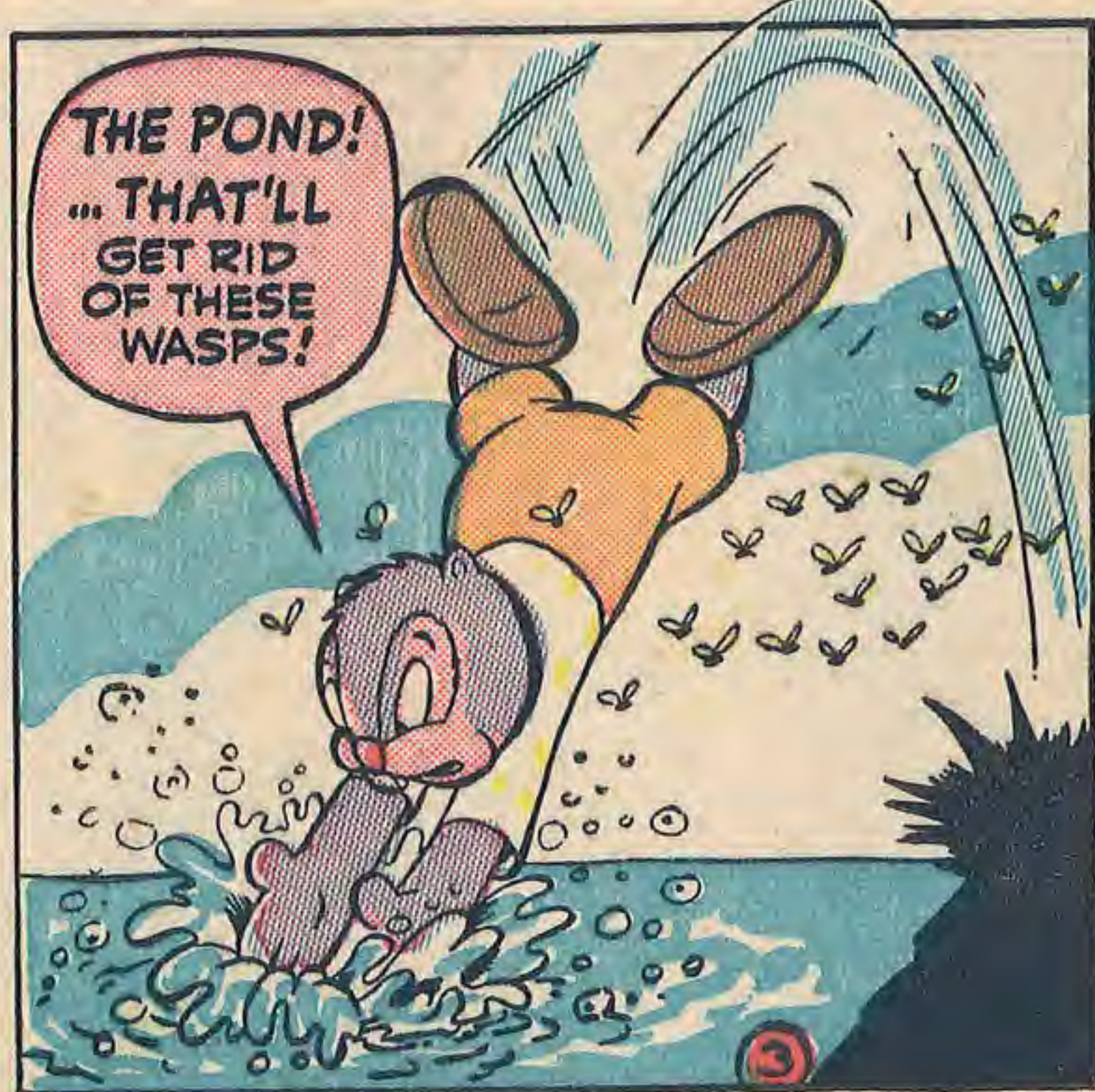
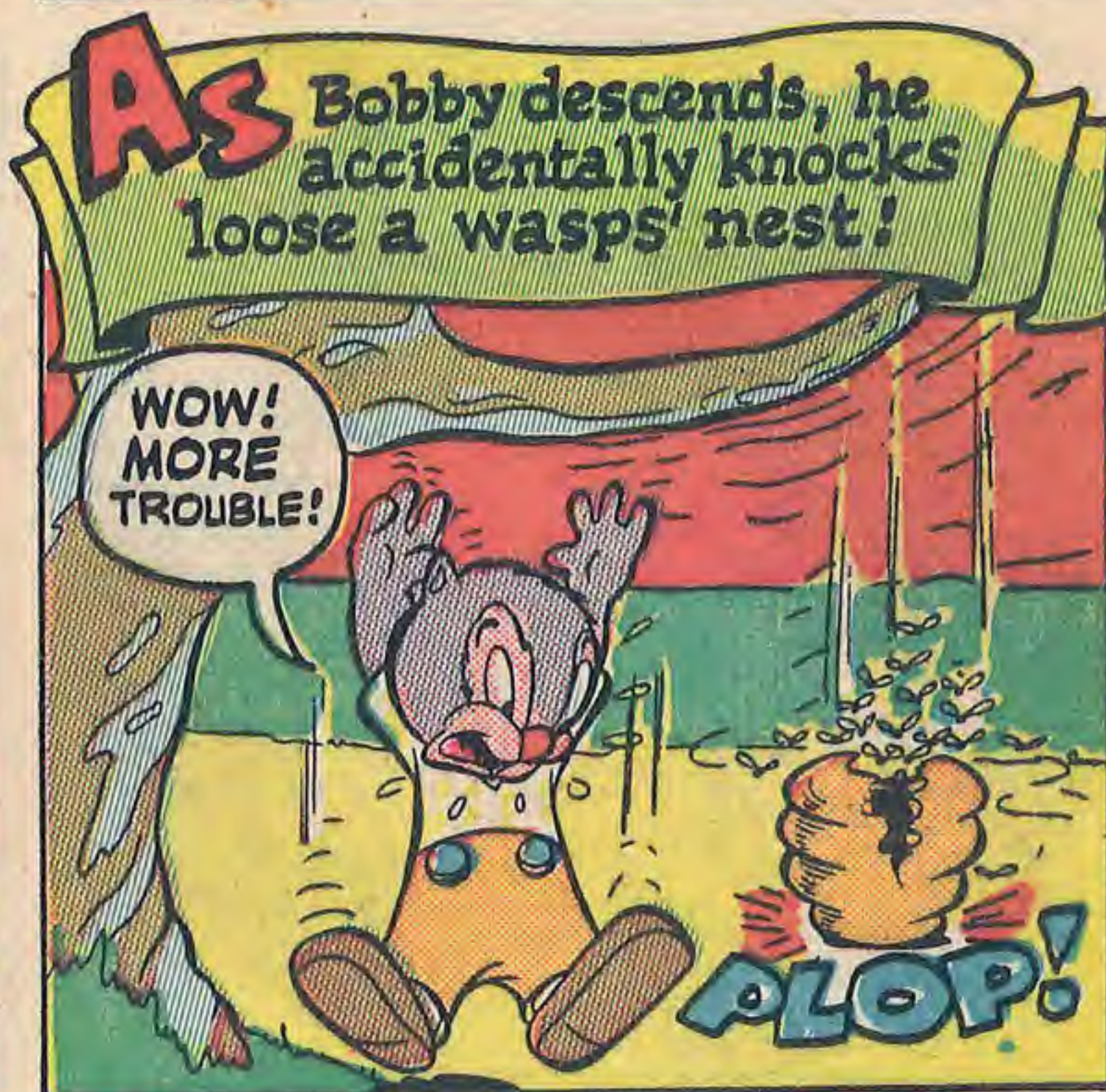


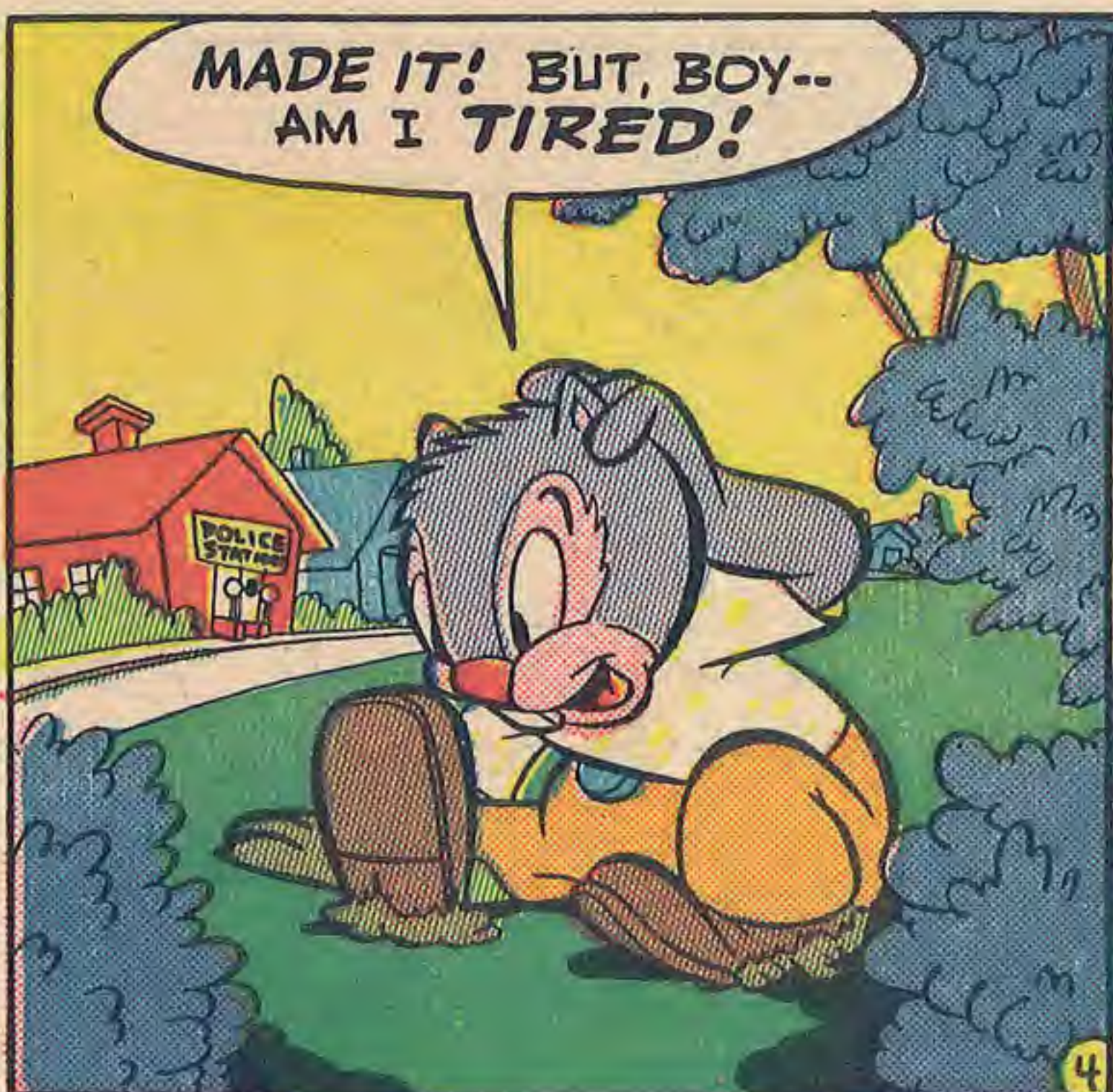
OH, IT'S ONLY THE ALARM
CLOCK! GOSH, I DON'T
FEEL LIKE GOING
TO SCHOOL
TODAY!

RING-G-G!



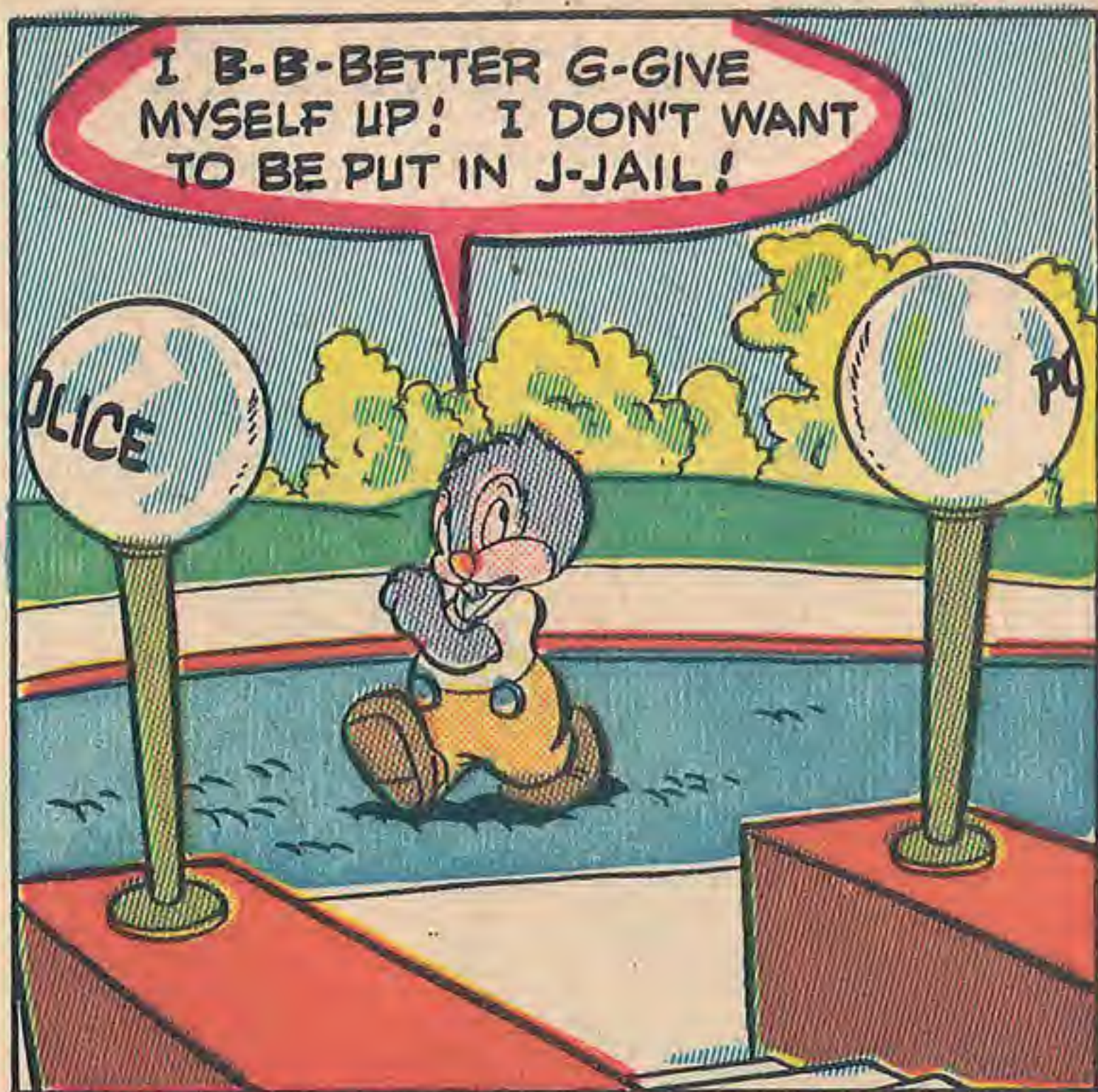








IT'S THE TRUANT OFFICER AGAIN! AND HE'S GETTING THE POLICE AFTER ME!



I B-B-BETTER G-GIVE MYSELF UP! I DON'T WANT TO BE PUT IN J-JAIL!



I'VE SEARCHED NEAR THE SCHOOL, ON THE ROAD NEARBY, DOWN AT THE POND-- AND I **STILL** CAN'T FIND THE GOLD RING I LOST!

VERY WELL! WE'LL SEND OUT A DESCRIPTION OF IT!



HELLO, BOBBY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

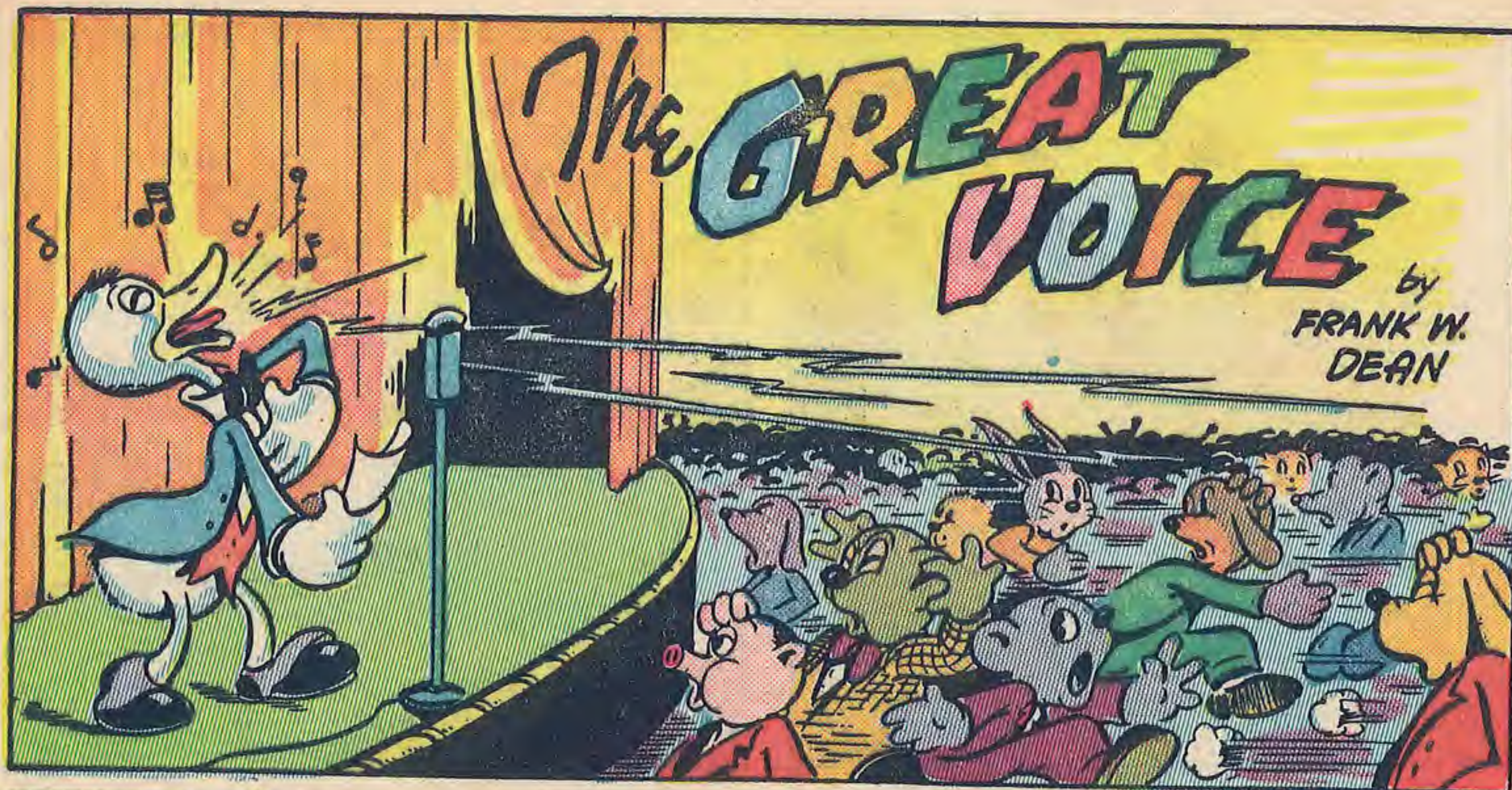
YOU--YOU MEAN YOU WEREN'T LOOKING FOR ME ALL THE TIME?



WHY, NO! YOU MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN! ... SCHOOL ISN'T OPEN TODAY! IT'S **SATURDAY!**

OWWWW!

THE END.



THE first meeting of the Birdtown Choral Society was a huge success. Thurston Thrush and Nicolo Nightingale brought down the house with their solos—and then it was Oswald Ostrich's turn!

With a bashful flutter of his tail feathers, Oswald stepped up—flapped his wings gently—and began. Then panic broke loose! “Air raid!” shrieked Jerry Jay—“Everyone take shelter!” “Wait!” yelled Cuthbert Canary—“That’s not the siren—it’s the fire whistle!” In the confusion, Herbert Hawk took time to look around. “You’re both wrong!” he shouted. “Quiet down, boys—that’s Oswald!”

And it was Oswald—so lost in his soulful solo that he hadn’t noticed the excitement! Then unmistakable noises filled the hall. Stopping short, Oswald blinked. “They’re giving me the raspberry!” he gasped. Which was closely followed by a tomato, a head of cabbage, and several chairs. Dodging, Oswald capered off the stage, with jeers and more unmistakable noises rising behind him!

Dismally heading into the snowy winter night, Oswald found a park bench and sat for hours. Why should he—with all his beauty and brains—sound like a boiler factory every time he opened his beak? Finally, numb clear through, Oswald staggered home and went to bed broken-hearted. Next morning, his throat felt like the inside of a threshing ma-

chine. His voice wouldn’t do credit to a day-old chick “It’s a nightmare!” he thought. “Just to prove it—I’ll run through that song I delivered last night!”

A moment later, Nicolo Nightingale and Freddy Finch halted suddenly. “Listen!” exclaimed Nicolo. “What coloratura—what utter gorgonzola—what oomph!” Bursting in on Oswald, Nicolo accused him of playing a little joke the night before. “I’m organizing a concert tour!” he exclaimed. “My friend, you’ll be famous!”

Oswald’s first appearance made him the toast of the town. But just as he stepped to the footlights to thank his audience for their ovation—“Awk!” His voice had changed back to normal! Wordlessly, he scampered off the stage and out into the bitter night.

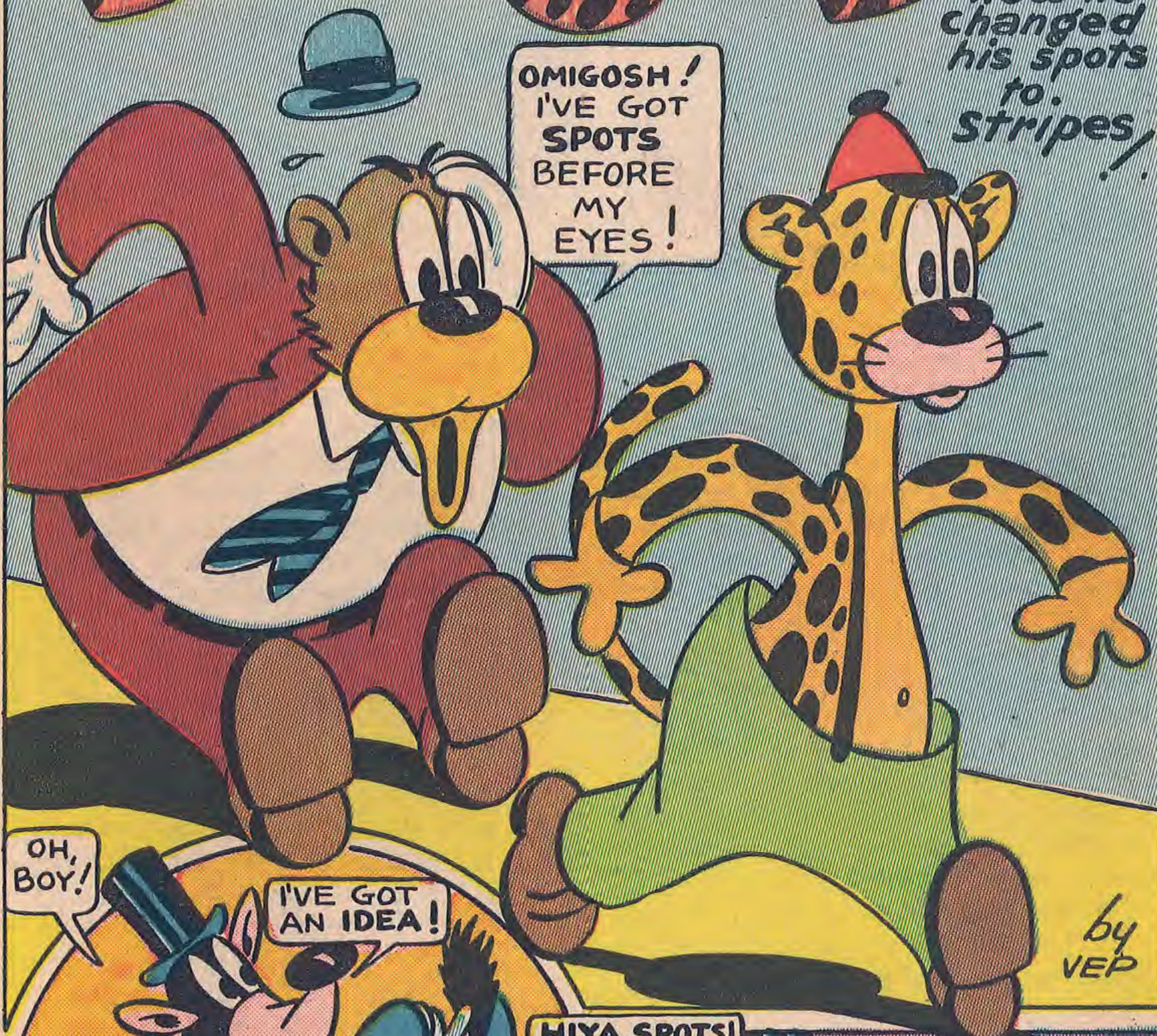
Hours later, Nicolo and a group of admirers found Oswald sitting glumly in the cold—ankle deep in snow! “Good heavens!” whispered one of the admirers. “What’s the idea of that?” Nicolo turned, frowning fiercely. “Can’t you see this is genius—gathering new strength so that he can give out to his public?” Wordlessly, they all tiptoed off.

Sniffing, Oswald shifted his feet in the snow. “Wooie!” he muttered. “I sure hope I get another sore throat by tomorrow night!”

SPOTS

—and
how he
changed
his spots
to
stripes!

OMIGOSH!
I'VE GOT
SPOTS
BEFORE
MY
EYES!



by
VEP

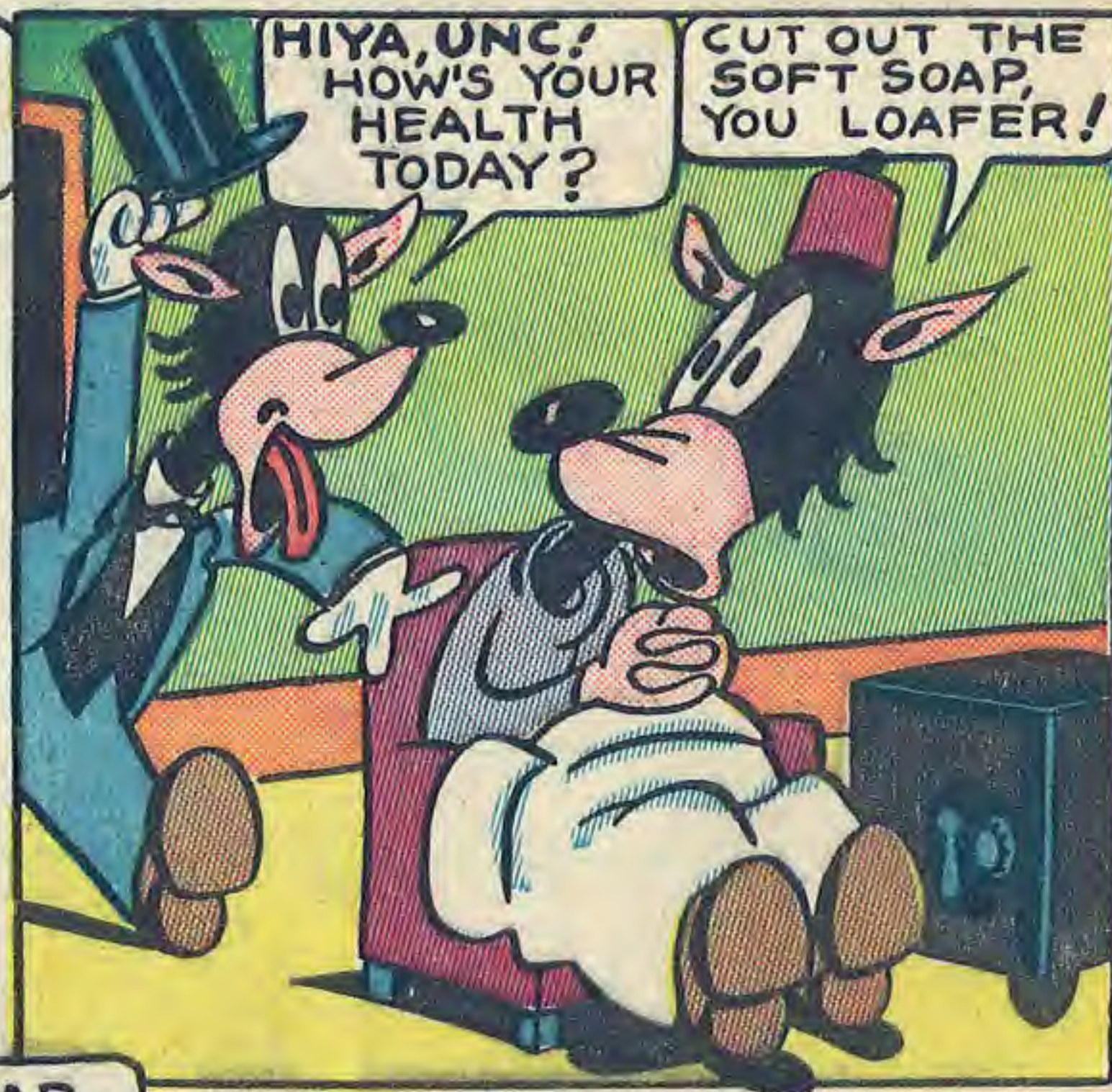
OH,
BOY!

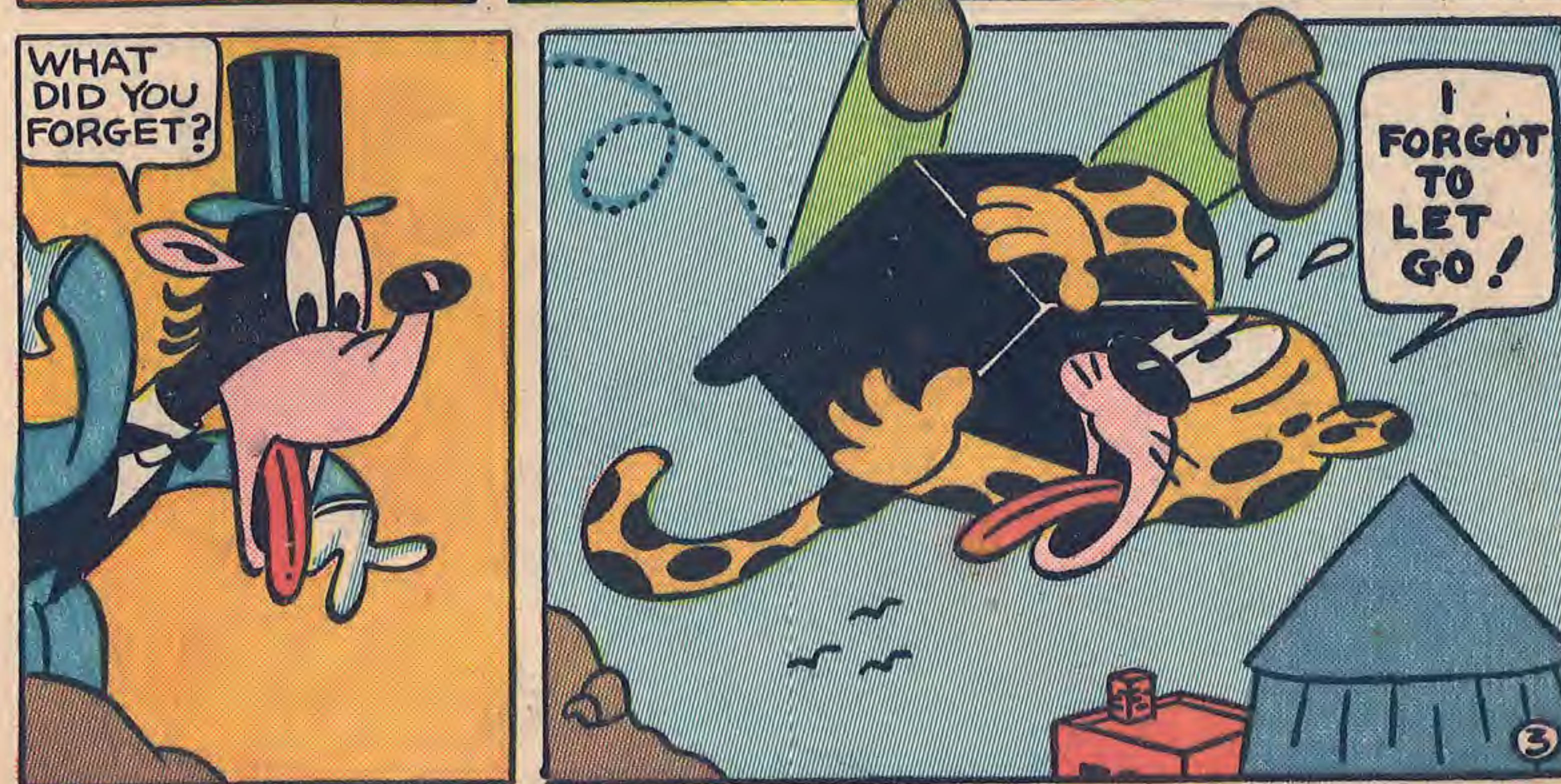
I'VE GOT
AN IDEA!

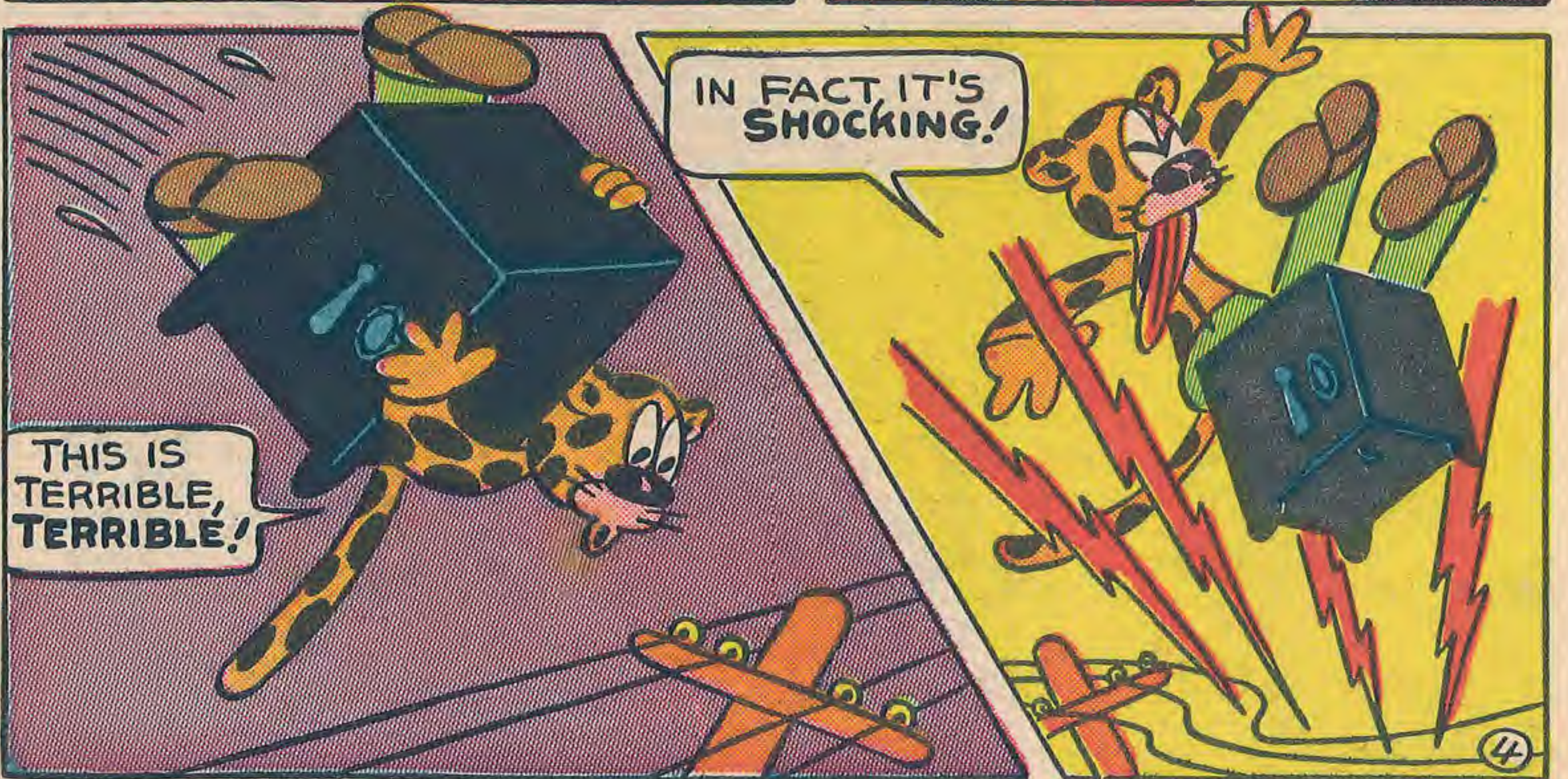
HIYA, SPOTS!
I'M GLAD
I SPOTTED
YOU!

I'M ALWAYS ON
THE SPOT! I WANT
STRIPES LIKE
A TIGER!













PLEASE, MR. CAPTAIN, I WON'T DO IT AGAIN!

ATTABOY, SPOTS-- PUT ON THE WEEP ACT!

BOO-HOO! IT'S MY SPOTS! I WISH I HAD STRIPES LIKE A TIGER!



HM! I THINK I CAN FIX THAT!

BUT FIRST I HAVE TO GIVE YOU THE WHOLE BOOK!



QUIT SHOVING! YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE!

LEFT, RIGHT, LEFT, RIGHT!

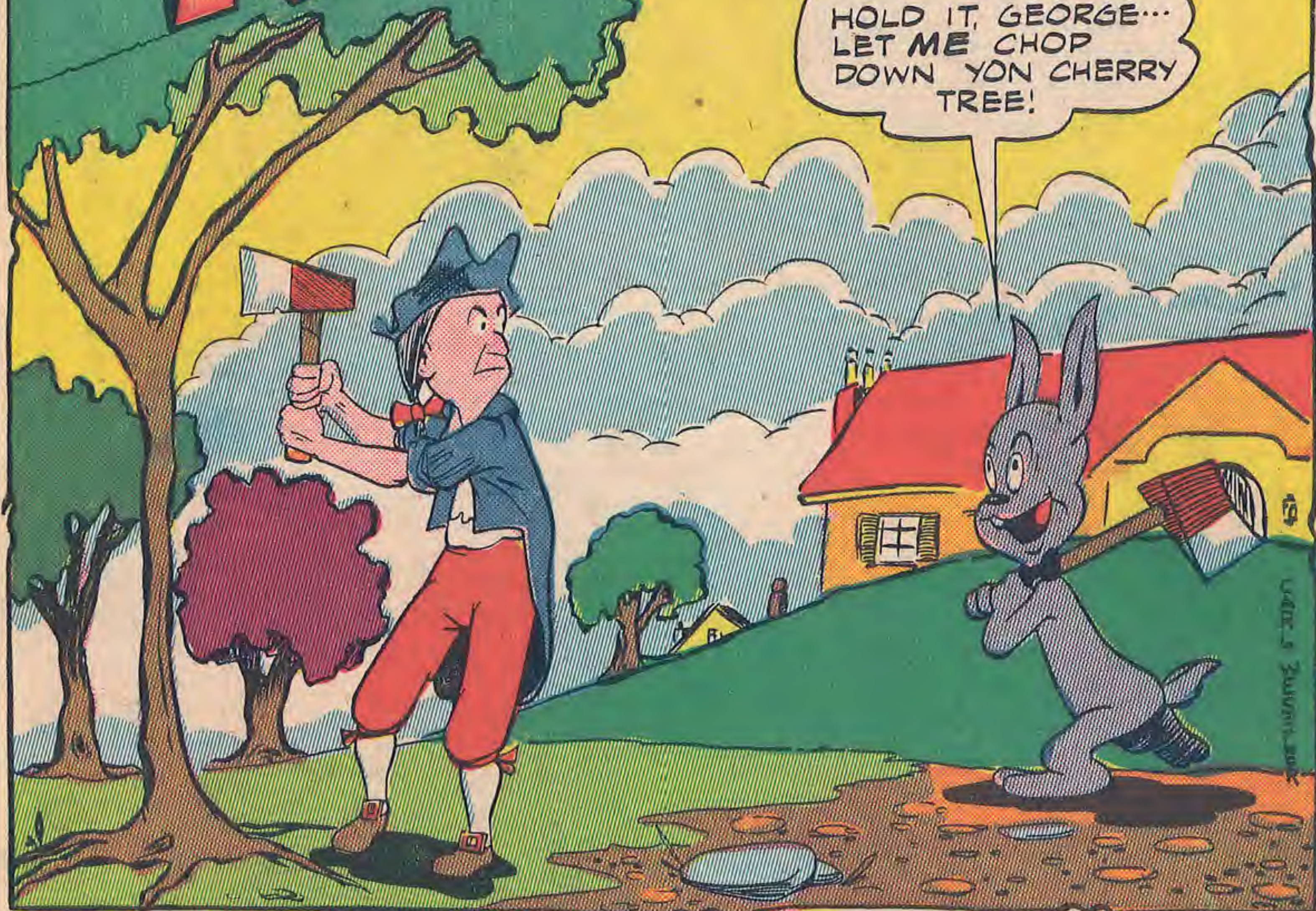
— AND THAT, KIDS, IS HOW THE LEOPARD CHANGED HIS SPOTS TO STRIPES!

THE END

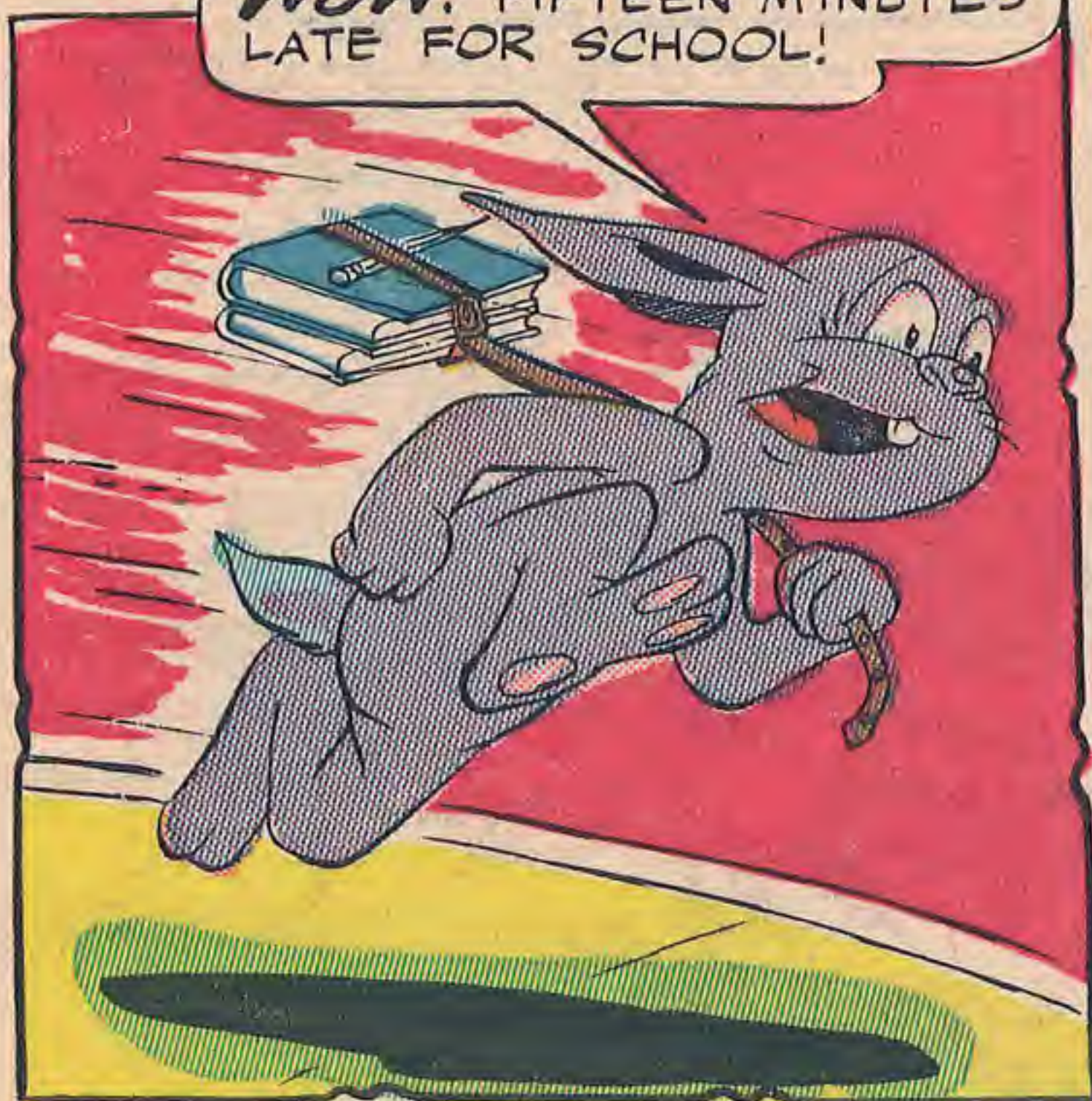
SNAZZY

RABBIT

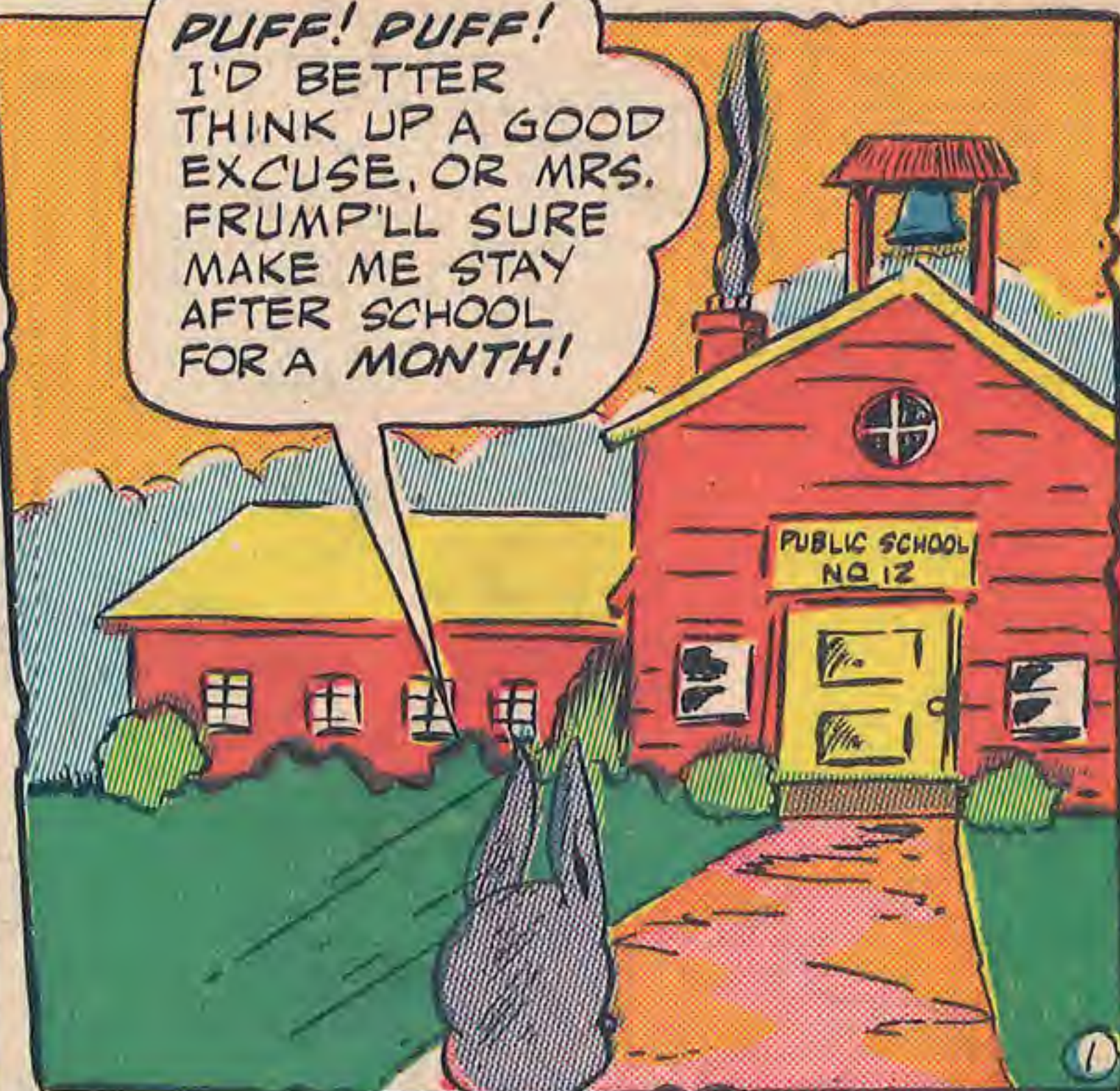
HOLD IT, GEORGE...
LET ME CHOP
DOWN YON CHERRY
TREE!



WOW! FIFTEEN MINUTES
LATE FOR SCHOOL!



PUFF! PUFF!
I'D BETTER
THINK UP A GOOD
EXCUSE, OR MRS.
FRUMP'LL SURE
MAKE ME STAY
AFTER SCHOOL
FOR A MONTH!



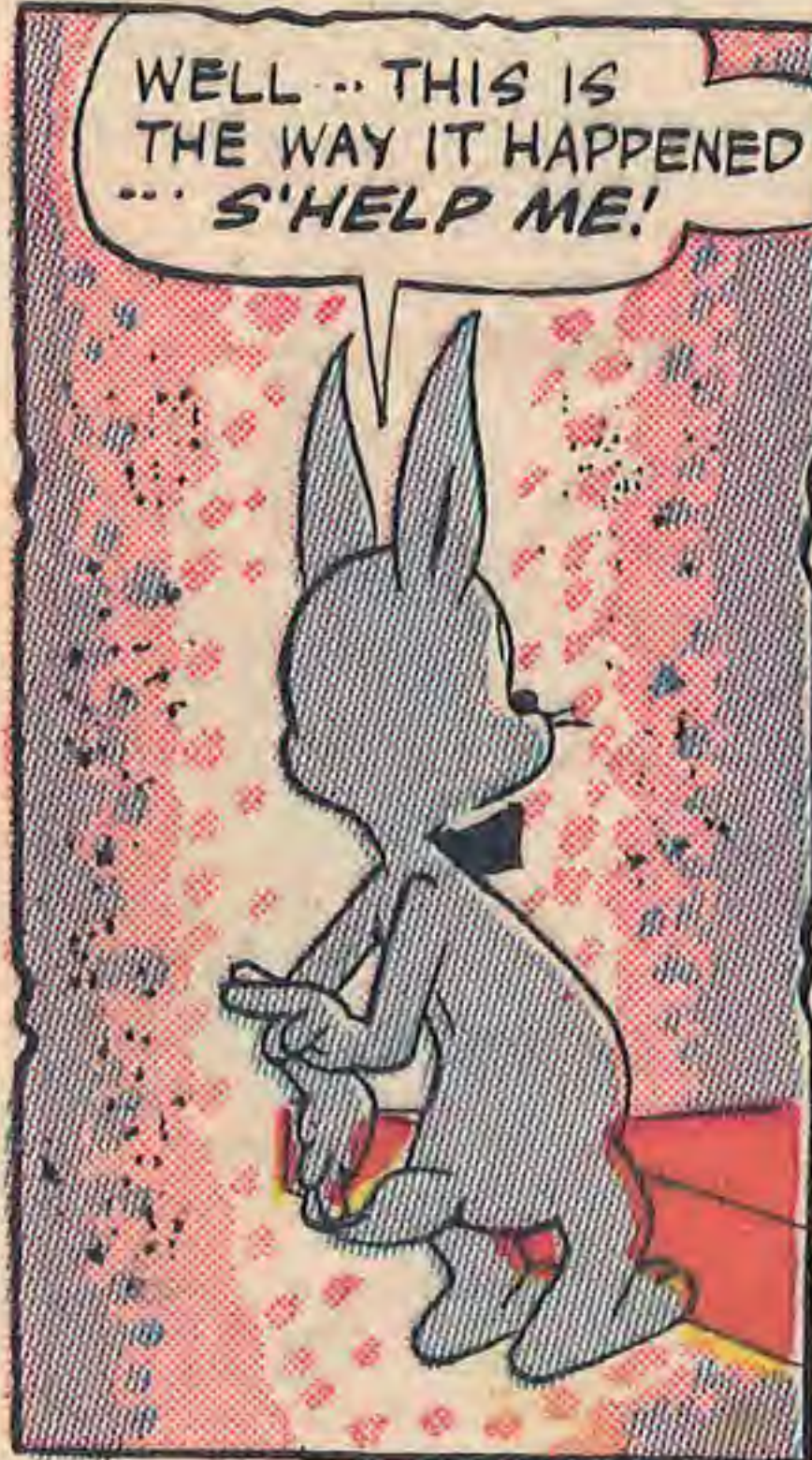
JUST A MOMENT
CLASS! I WANT
TO HEAR SNAZZY'S
ALIBI FOR
BEING LATE
THIS TIME!

I'M RUNNIN'
OUTTA REASONS!
I GOTTA GIVE A
SWELL ONE NOW.
OR I'M A FRIED
RABBIT!

NOW I DON'T WANT A **FIB** OUT
OF YOU, SNAZZY... JUST THE
WHOLE TRUTH!

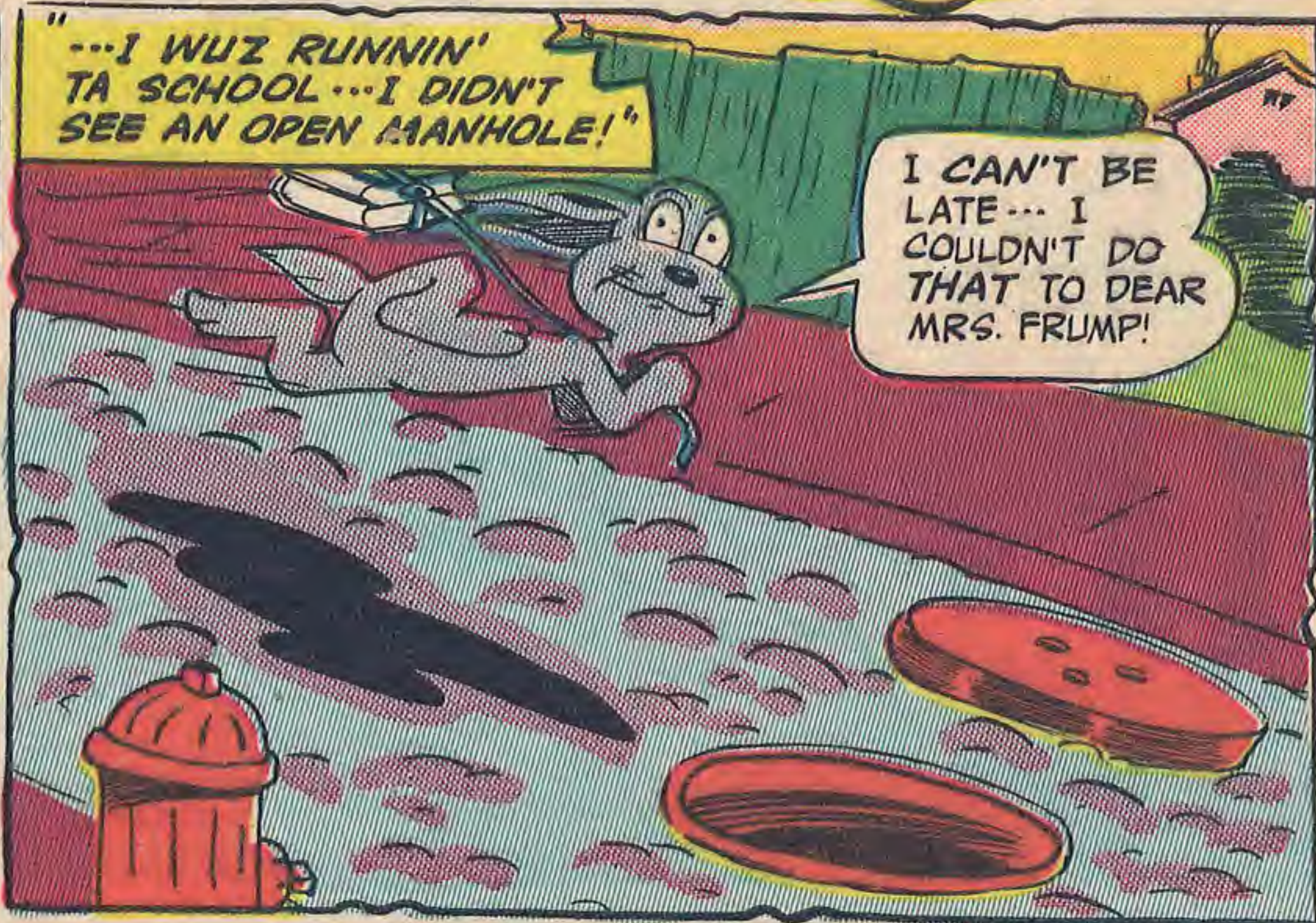
1+2=

1+2=



"...I WUZ RUNNIN'
TA SCHOOL... I DIDN'T
SEE AN OPEN MANHOLE!"

I CAN'T BE
LATE... I
COULDN'T DO
THAT TO DEAR
MRS. FRUMP!



"... AN' THEN DOWN
I WENT... INTO THE
INKY DARKNESS!"

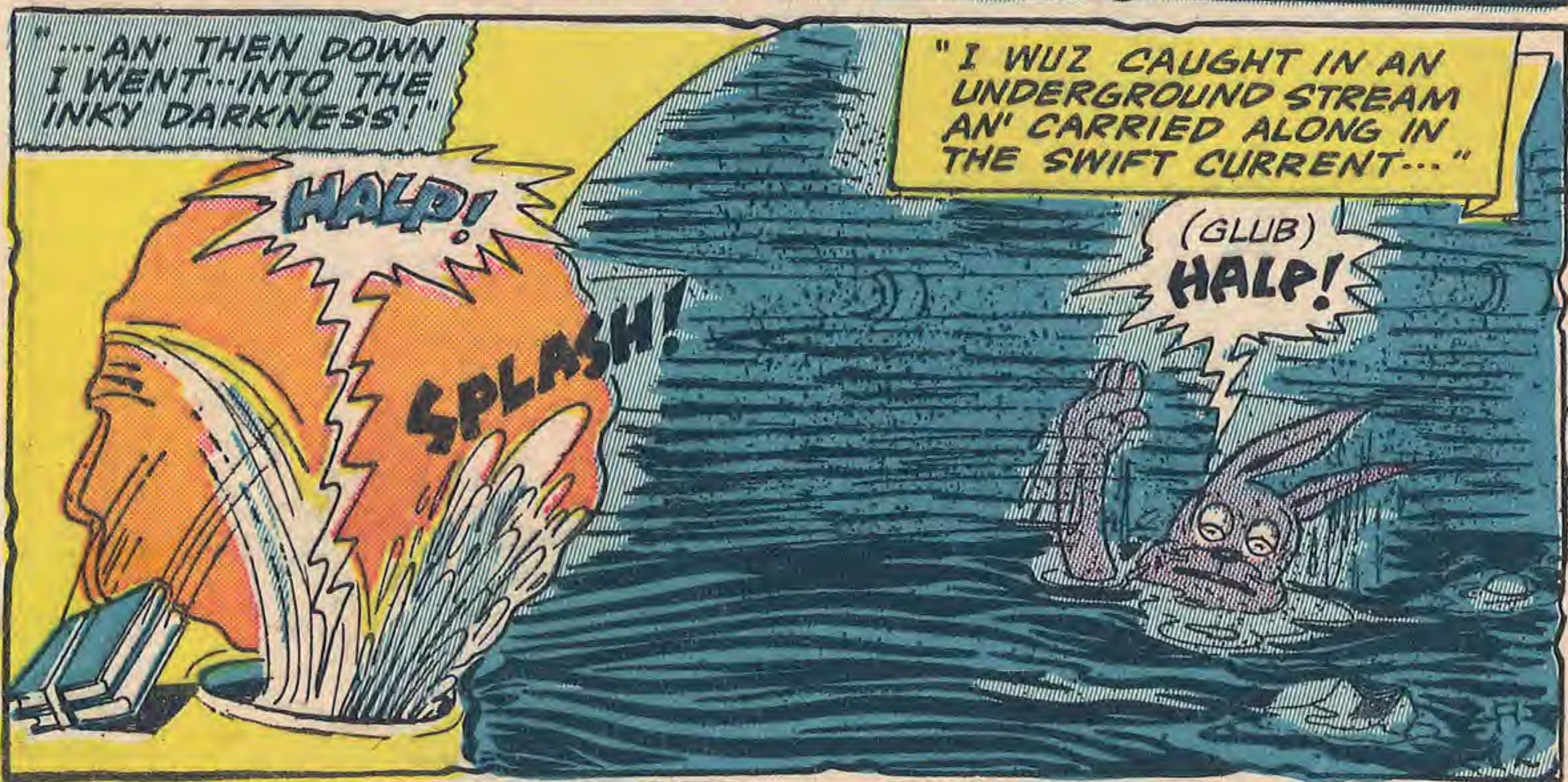
"I WUZ CAUGHT IN AN
UNDERGROUND STREAM
AN' CARRIED ALONG
IN THE SWIFT CURRENT..."

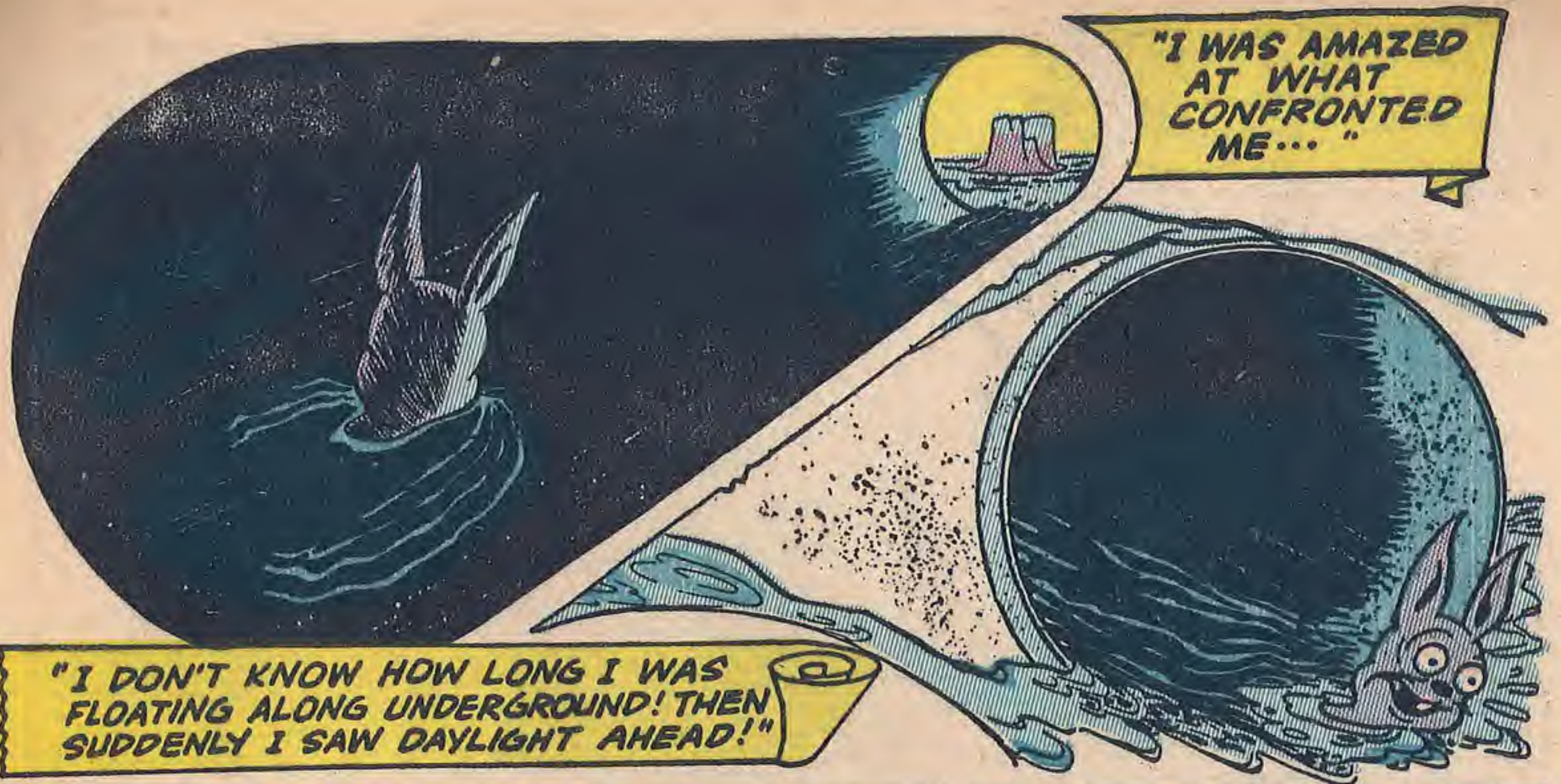
HALP!

SPLASH!

(GLUB)

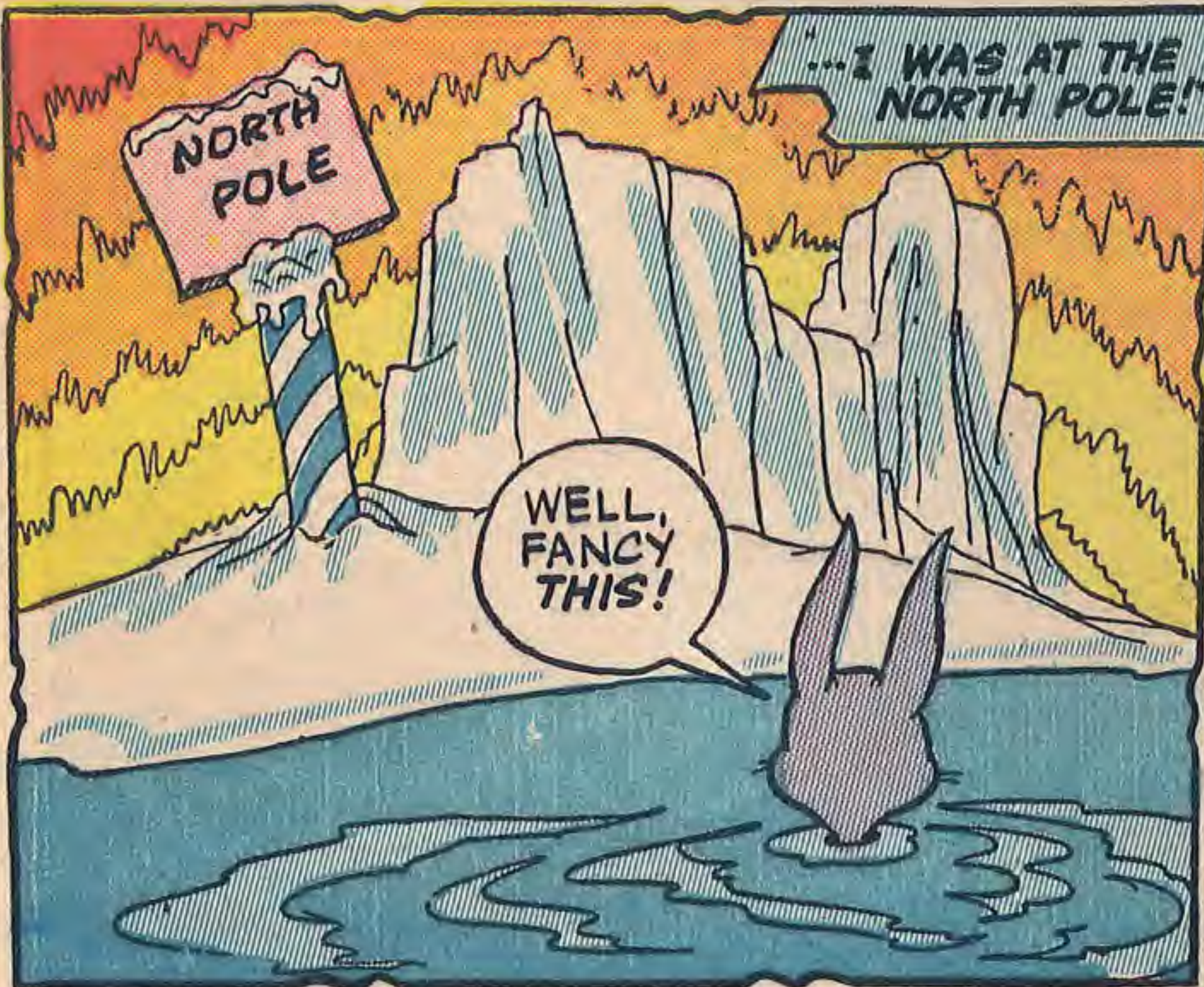
HALP!





"I WAS AMAZED
AT WHAT
CONFRONTED
ME..."

"I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I WAS
FLOATING ALONG UNDERGROUND! THEN
SUDDENLY I SAW DAYLIGHT AHEAD!"



"...I WAS AT THE
NORTH POLE!"

WELL,
FANCY
THIS!



"I WADED ASHORE AND
TRUDGED THROUGH THE
SNOW..."

BR-RRR!



"I HAD GIVEN UP HOPE
OF SEEING A HUMAN
FACE AGAIN, WHEN..."

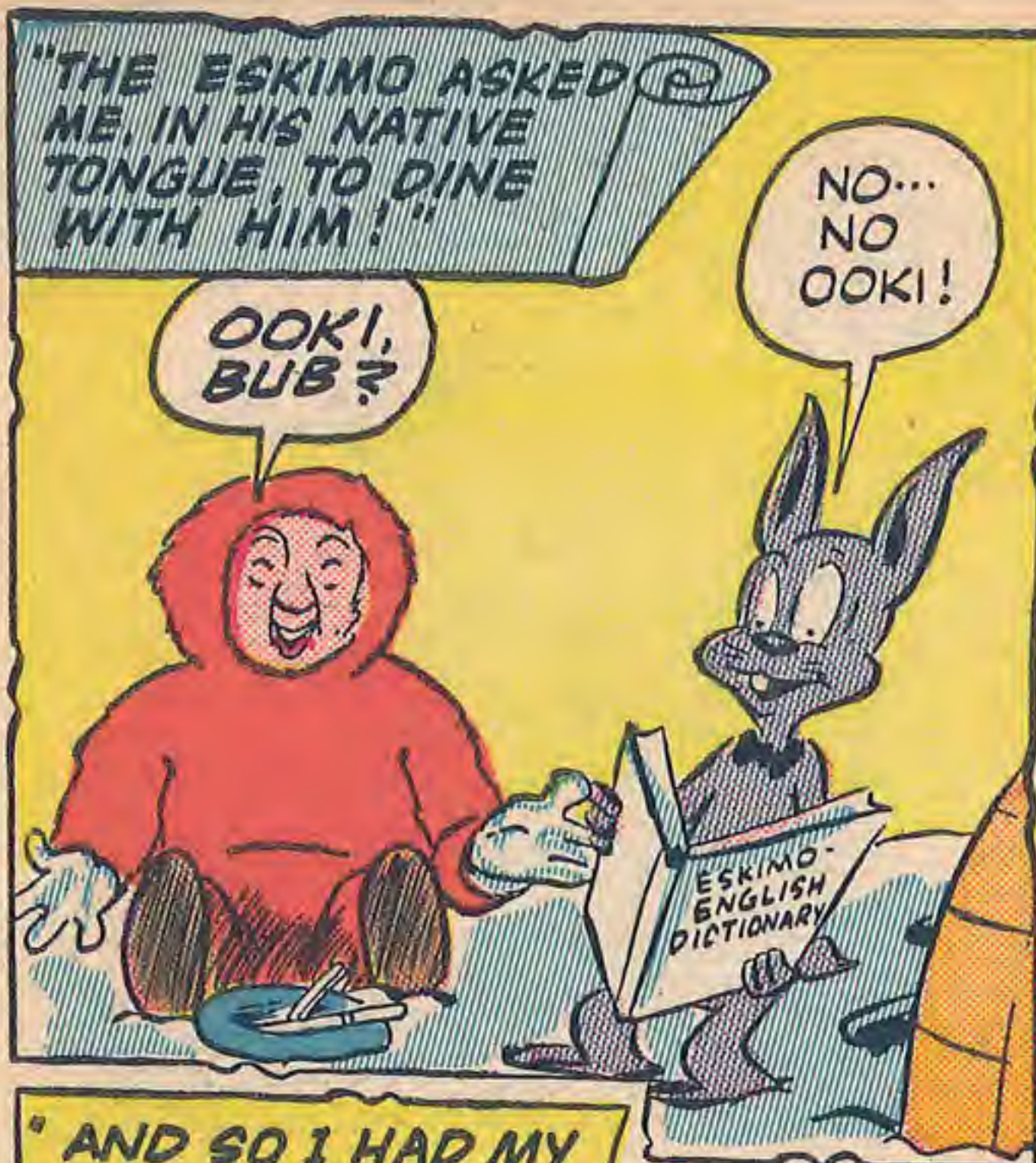
SMOKE!



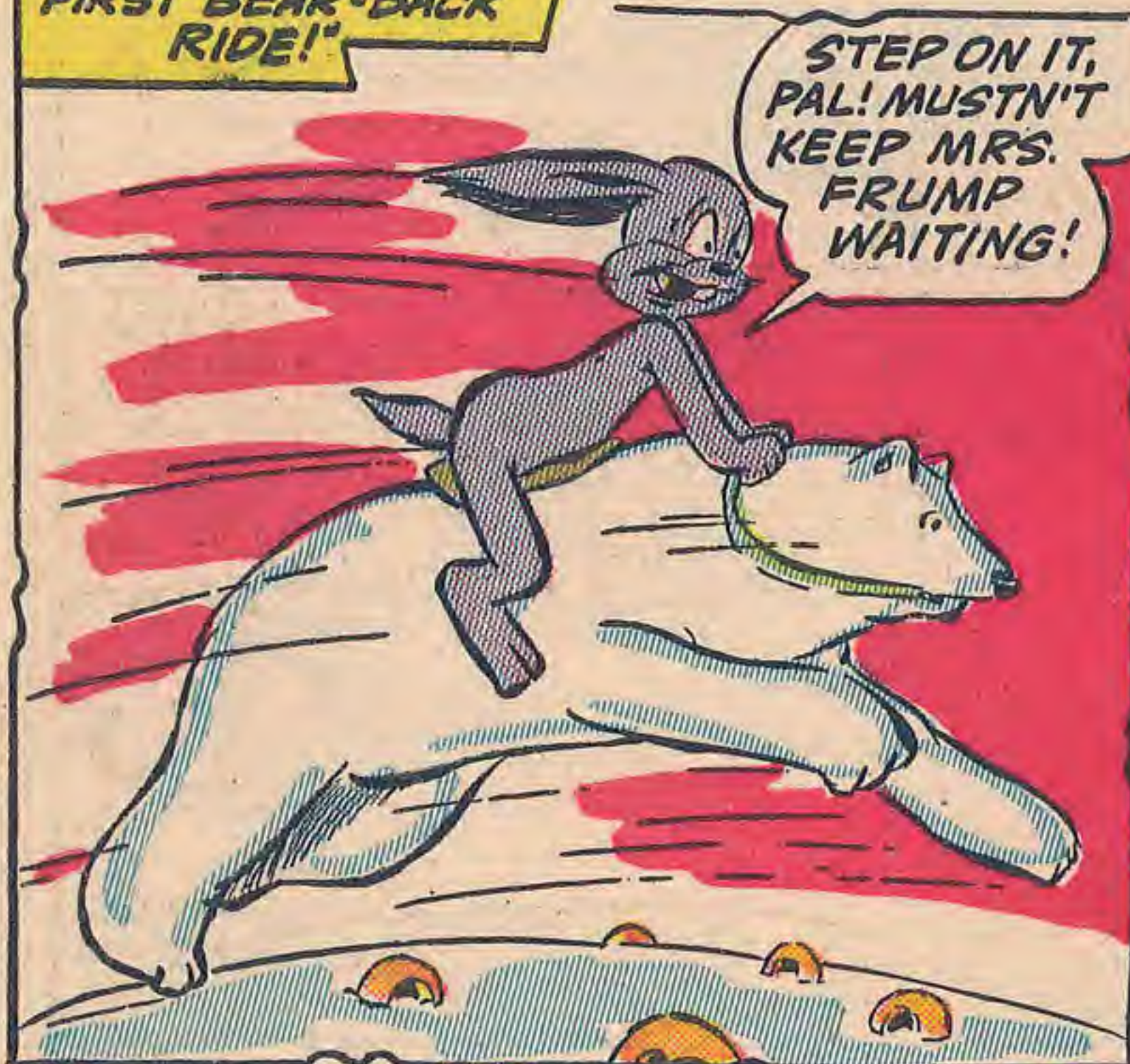
"...I CAME UPON A HAPPY ESKIMO
FAMILY ABOUT TO HAVE DINNER!"

SHOOT THE BLUBBER
TO ME, NUBBER!

TAKE YER TIME,
STUPID! WOT D'YA
THINK I AM... A
SOIVANT?



"AND SO I HAD MY FIRST BEAR-BACK RIDE!"



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Also Other Valuable Gifts.

Smart, new, dainty, Sterling Silver Ring set with sparkling simulated Birthstone correct for your birth date—GIVEN for selling only 5 boxes of Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each and returning the money collected. Dozens of other useful and valuable gifts (Hose, Pens, Scissors, Rings, Lockets, Costume Jewelry, etc.) are also offered in our free catalog-circular. Send name and address today for order and catalog to start.

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Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-294 Jefferson, Iowa, for order to start.

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ADDRESS

CITY..... STATE.....

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NEW True-Love and Friendship Sterling Silver RING and Matching EARRINGS

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10 DAYS TRIAL

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Name

Address

City

State..... Ring Size.....



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if you order BOTH the Ring AND Earrings and send your order PROMPTLY. Beautiful, genuine leather photo folder. (Comes with pictures of two popular Movie Stars.)

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Name

Address

City..... State.....

Color of Hair

Color of Eyes

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ABSOLUTELY **NOT!** THE ATLAS DYNAMIC TENSION SYSTEM MAKES MUSCLES GROW FAST!

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I DON'T care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

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